

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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THE YOUNG DESERTERS; OR, THE MYSTERY OF RAMSEY ISLAND.

By CAPT. THO'S H. WILSON.
AND OTHER STORIES



"Let him up, you fiend!" he shouted. "Ha! Ha!" shrieked the madman. Joe looked around, and saw a rock the size of his fist lying upon the ground. He picked it up and, aiming at the giant, flung it with all his strength.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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The Young Deserters

OR, THE MYSTERY OF RAMSEY ISLAND

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.—A Brutal Captain.

"Avast, there! What're ye up to?"

"Having a little game, sir."

"You young lubbers, I'll teach ye a game worth two o' that."

So saying, the captain of the brig Thetis sprang over the windlass, and alighted between two young men—or rather lads—of the age of twenty, who were playing a quiet game of cribbage, sheltered from all eyes, as they thought, except the lookout, who was stationed by the fore chains. Captain Cutter caught up a piece of tarred rigging, and, swinging it around his head, prepared to strike, with the exclamation:

"Blast ye! I'll teach ye!"

The two young men who had been engaged in the "quiet game," as they called it, had shipped in New York as "green hands," and so far had been led a sorry time of it. The captain, who was a jovial soul enough in port, developed, when at sea, into one of those ferocious monsters who delight in kicking and cuffing their men.

Thus far, however, he had never laid hands on Dick and Joe Rulon, for Joe had once, when he exhibited an intention of making him acquainted with a rope's end, said to him:

"Captain, if you strike me with that rope, I shall kill you."

The expression in the eyes of the young man cowed the bully, who muttered a curse or two, and retreated into the cabin. This day, however, he had been drinking, and was prowling around the deck, trying to find some of the crew in mischief, in order that he might satisfy the cravings of his brutal and revengeful spirit. And he succeeded in coming across Dick and Joe, engaged in their "little game."

This, of itself, under ordinary circumstances, would have been no offense sufficient to justify punishment for a sailor has a right, recognized by all captains, to entertain himself in this manner when off duty, as the young men then were.

But the captain, in his savage mood, did not care for this. He wanted a culprit, and he had found not only one, but two. He swung the rope's end around his head, and was about to strike Joe, who was nearest, when the young man

sprang up, and, catching up a belaying-pin, retreated a step and stood at bay, exclaiming:

"What are you going to do, captain?"

"Flog you, you hound."

"What for?"

"For playing cards."

"Is that against the rules of the ship?"

"Of course it is."

"Of course it isn't."

"What! You young lubber, do you dare give me the lie direct?"

"I dare anything, if it comes to that. And I'll tell you another thing. I don't intend to be flogged for doing what every sailor on this ship has always been allowed to do."

"You don't, eh?" roared the captain. "My fine cub, I'd like to know how you intend to prevent it?"

"With this," said Joe, raising the belaying-pin a little higher.

"Good for you," observed Dick. "Go for him, Joe. I'll see you, and go one better."

"Mutiny!" screamed the captain.

At this word such of the crew as were off duty came up, to see what was going on. The captain turned to them, exclaiming:

"D'ye hear, men? I say these two young rascals are kicking up a mutiny."

"That's a lie," said Joe.

"D'ye hear that?" shouted the captain.

"Well, we do," said an old, weather-beaten boat-steerer, turning his quid tranquilly in his cheek. "Captain, what mout it be the youngsters have done?"

"I don't know that it's necessary for me to explain to you, Bill Buntline. Ain't I the captain of this ship?"

"Sartin, cap'n."

"Then I say these fellows shall be flogged."

By this time the captain was wild with anger. He again rushed upon Joe and Dick, supposing that they would not dare defy him while the rest of the crew stood around. But he was mistaken. The young men did not intend to submit to a flogging like dogs. They would almost as soon have had a round shot tied to their ankles and been pitched overboard into the sea. Joe, setting his teeth hard, whispered to Dick:

"Shall we fight?"

"Yes."

The consequences of mutiny is death."

"Better death than a flogging."

The two young men drew their knives, and, as the captain advanced, Joe said:

"Captain Cutter, as sure as there is a sky above us, if you attempt to strike us with that rope's end we will kill you."

The captain recoiled, crying out:

"Mutiny! Rank mutiny. By the Great Horn Spoon, I'll hang ye both at the yard arm."

"All right," said Joe, speaking calmly, but his face being very pale.

"Do ye intend to defy me?"

"No, but we don't intend to take a flogging for playing a quiet game of cards."

"Hello!" exclaimed the boat-steerer. "Is that what he's going to flog you for?"

"That's it."

"It's agin the articles, cap'n," said the boat-steerer. "Ye can't lick a man for playing cards off duty."

"What's that your business, Bill Buntline?"

"Nothin', cap'n," replied the boat-steerer meekly. "I was only jest a-tellin' ye."

"Keep your advice to yourself. Now, Joe and Dick Rulon, do you intend to obey orders?"

"Yes, but not to be flogged."

The captain hesitated a moment, and then said, while a fiendish light appeared in his eyes:

"Very good. I'll give ye an order."

He then gave the order for them to ascend the rigging to the highest yard on the highest mast of the vessel, and sit, one on each side of the yard, until he told them to come down. There was a heavy sea running at the time, and everybody knew this would be dangerous.

The young men did not hesitate an instant, however. They replied:

"Ay, ay, sir!"

They then darted up the shrouds with the agility of monkeys, and ascended to the place to which they were ordered, which was probably two hundred feet above the level of the deck. Here they sat, one on each side of the yard. The captain gazed at them a moment, and then, uttering a fiendish chuckle, having said to a little bow-legged sailor that he wanted to speak to him, entered the cabin. Captain Cutter was one of those brutes to whom nothing was so pleasant as gratifying his revenge. Although he did not dare to let his vindictiveness extend very far towards the crew when he was strictly sober, when in his cups he seldom allowed anything to prevent him from satisfying the vindictiveness of his nature.

Being now more than usually drunk, he valued life no more than a straw. He had from the first disliked Joe and Dick Rulon on account of their independent spirit.

He now, since the occurrence at the windlass, positively hated them, and to a man of his temperament to hate was equivalent to a vindictive desire of the death of the person hated. Going to the sideboard in the cabin, he gulped down a glass of liquor and then sat down. He looked anxiously towards the door of the cabin, which was soon opened, and the bow-legged sailor, who

was nick-named "Bowlegs" by the sailors, appeared.

"Well, you're here at last, eh?" growled the captain.

"Ay, ay!" grunted Bowlegs.

"Take a glass of grog."

This being an invitation Bowlegs never refused, he filled a glass with rum and tossed it off.

"Bowlegs," said the captain, "I wouldn't begrudge a hundred dollars if the ropes that lash the spar on which those youngsters are to the topmast should break. I wouldn't mind giving you the money if such a thing should happen."

"Wouldn't ye now, cap'n?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"Well," said Bowlegs, "the rope's weak, I guess."

"That'll do, Bowlegs," said the captain. "You had better leave the cabin."

Bowlegs went out on deck. After a while the captain followed him. Captain Cutter approached the mate and said:

"The topmast which supports the yard on which those two youngsters are sitting needs scraping."

"You're right, sir."

"Send Bowlegs up to do it."

"Come here," called the mate to Bowlegs, who was conveniently near.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Rig a sling to the yard on which those youngsters are sitting and scrape and slush the topmast."

"Ay, ay, sir," repeated Bowlegs.

He arranged the sling and hoisting gear, and mounted the rigging with them. When he reached the yard he called to Joe, saying:

"Sling this rope over the yard."

"What are you going to do?"

"Scrape and slush."

"It's a bad time for that, Bowlegs. She's rolling like a log."

"It's the mate's orders."

Bowlegs was at this time clinging to the yard with one hand, his legs being twined around the topmast. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"The deuce! I forgot the slush bucket."

He let go his hold of the yard and commenced descending to the deck. Hardly has he reached it and commenced walking forward, when a cry of horror burst from the mate, who shouted:

"Goodness gracious! look there!"

A terrible catastrophe had happened aloft. The lashings that confined the yard arm to the topmast had given away. A piercing cry from above rent the air. An answering shout of horror burst from the crew as, looking up, they saw the yard arm had given way, and Joe and Dick Rulon were falling head foremost towards the deck.

CHAPTER II.—A Narrow Escape.

Joe was on the windward side of the arm. Had he continued falling he would have inevitably been killed by striking the deck. Fortunately, as the vessel keeled over, he fell against the mast,

and then upon the cross-ties, which he clutched with a grim grip and saved himself. Dick was not so fortunate. Instead of hitting the mast, the pitch of the ship threw him in the opposite direction. Down, down he went, narrowly missing the ship's side, and fell into the sea. The second mate, who had witnessed the calamity, shouted:

"Man overboard! Lower the boat."

While this was being done and the ship brought up in the wind, the captain, who had overheard the commotion, and suspected the cause, came on deck.

"What's up?" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

The mate explained.

"Hoist up the boat!" shouted the captain. "No boat can live in such a sea as this. Hoist her up, I tell you!"

The mate started back aghast at this brutal order.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "You surely don't intend to abandon Rulon to his fate?"

"I don't intend to drown more of my own men by attempting to rescue him."

The first mate exclaimed, with flashing eyes:

"By Jiminy, that boat shall be lowered! D'ye hear, men? Lower the boat."

"What!" shrieked Captain Cutter. "Do ye defy me?"

"Yes, in this matter of humanity."

He repeated his order. It was instantly obeyed. The old boat-steerer was the first man to enter the boat, shouting:

"Come on, men!"

Half a dozen resolute seamen leaped into the boat, which was lowered and rowed quickly astern, leaving the captain raving and cursing on deck, and the first mate regarding him contemptuously. When Dick struck the water, he was fortunate enough to do it head foremost. A fall sidewise would have killed him. He went down so far under water that he thought he would never come to the surface again while breath was in him. At last he began rising, and as the weight of water became less as he approached the surface, he arose with greater rapidity. Shooting out like a cork upon the surface, he looked around for the ship. They were already making efforts to bring her in stays. He beheld the boat partially lowered, and then held stationary at the order of the captain; and for the moment he thought he was lost, believing they had given him up for dead.

Hope revived when the first mate, in disobedience to the orders of the captain, ordered the boat to be put into the sea. He saw the boat coming, with the boat-steerer at the helm, and knew the search would never be abandoned while hope was left. When the boat came nearer he threw up his hand. It was seen. The boat drew up alongside. He was drawn aboard, none the worse for his involuntary bath.

"An' lucky it is for you, my hearty," observed the boat-steerer, who then recounted the strange orders of the captain.

This set Dick to thinking.

"Look here," he said, in a low voice, "I think the captain would like to hear of my death."

"Looks very much like it," said the boat-steerer, nodding his head.

"I'll be on my guard after this."

"You'd better be."

"Was Joe saved?"

"Yes; he fell on the cross-trees."

"Thank goodness for that."

"Look here, youngster," said the boat-steerer. "Do you know of any reason why the cap'n should wish to put you and Joe out of the way?"

"No."

"Well, you bet there is a reason. The skipper wouldn't commit murder and take the risk for nothing."

This conversation, which set Dick thinking more than ever, occurred while they were on their way back to the ship, reaching which, they were met at the rail by Joe, who assisted Dick on deck and fell on his neck, crying:

"Thank goodness!"

The officers and crew, with the exception of the captain and Bowlegs, crowded around, offering their congratulation to the boys. Fortunately the yard had fallen to the deck.

"The lashings must have been very insecure," said Dick. "Let's go and take a look at the things."

They bent down over the yard, and Joe on the instant started up, exclaiming:

"Cut, by Jiminy!"

Bowlegs turned pale and retreated a step.

"Throw the yard overboard!" shouted Captain Cutter. "It's rotten, and I'll trust it no longer. D'ye hear? Overboard with it."

Bowlegs and another man caught it up and heaved it over the side. No sooner had this been done than Dick sprang to the side of Bowlegs and cried loudly:

"Murderer!"

At the same instant he clutched him by the throat.

"What d'ye mean?" gasped the rascal.

"You cut the lashings."

"You're a fool! If I'd 'a' done that the yard would 'a' come down and crushed me, afore I could 've got off the top-mast."

"You cut it so that the swaying of the ship would wear out the remaining strands, giving you time to get on deck."

"You're a liar!"

No sooner had Bowlegs uttered this exclamation than he was knocked down by a blow from the fist of Dick, who then sprang upon him and choked him until his tongue stuck out. The captain, with a howl of rage, leaped upon Dick with a belaying pin, and, before anyone could interfere, struck him on the head, knocking him senseless. But it was his turn next. With a shout of anger Joe sprang upon the captain and struck him with his fist squarely between the eyes. The captain went down like a log, but sprang up instantly, his face deadly pale. Drawing his pistol, he pointed it at Joe, who thought his last hour had come, the crew being, for the instant, too stupefied to move. But, just as the captain was pressing the trigger, a peculiar expression crossed his features. He smiled, or rather snarled like an angry dog, showing his teeth. He lowered his pistol and hissed, directing his words to the mates and crew:

"You witnessed that assault?"

"Yes," said the mate, reluctantly.

"I shall take this mutineer into port, and have him hanged by the authorities."

"You had better kill me now," said Joe.

"To kill you now would not be punishment enough," responded the captain vindictively. "Your neck shall be stretched by the hangman's rope."

"All right," said Joe, recovering his assurance and remembering the adage, "Never say die." "But there's many a slip, you know."

"There shall be none in this case. Men, take these mutineers below and put them in irons!"

Two or three of the crew, wishing to curry favor with the captain, seized hold of Joe, who, contrary to their expectations, did not resist.

"Serve the other fellow the same way!" said the brutal captain.

"We'd better see if he's dead first," said the mate.

"Do as you're ordered!" roared the captain. "Confound him, I hope he's dead!"

The mate leaned down over Dick and felt over his heart.

"He is not dead," he said, "but I think you crushed his skull with the belaying-pin."

"I hope so."

"Wouldn't it be better to put him in a bunk in the fore-castle and attend to him until he's better, and then put him in irons?"

"No. Put him in irons now!"

Such being the captain's positive command, there was nothing to be done but obey it. Two sailors took Dick's insensible form and carried it down the companion-way into the hold, where he and Joe were both ironed hand and foot, and cast down like dogs. Hardly had this been done when the sky became overcast by black clouds.

"It's going to blow big guns, sir," said the mate, "and it'll last for a day or two, if I'm not mistaken. Isn't there an island somewhere hereabouts?"

"Yes; Ramsey's Island is about forty miles to the southeast. With this gale of wind we can reach it in about three hours, scudding before it."

"Is there a good harbor?"

"There is an excellent one."

"We'll need it."

"Give the order to head her southeast."

Hardly was the ship turned in the proper direction when the wind, which was already blowing a gale, freshened until in the course of an hour it was blowing a gale, and perceptibly increasing.

"Hadn't we better have the two Rulon boys brought up?" asked the mate. "If anything should happen they would be in a bad fix."

"No, curse 'em!" growled the captain. "If the ship goes down those hounds shall go to the bottom with her."

CHAPTER III.—Mystery.

Contrary to the expectation of the mate, the skull of Dick was not fractured. Fortunately, the belaying-pin with which the captain struck him had glanced, inflicting a blow which rendered him unconscious, but did no further injury except inflicting a scalp wound. When Joe and he were

thrown down upon the floor of the hold, the former busied himself trying to restore him to consciousness. This he did by rolling over until he could touch him, and holding his manacled hands together, chafed his temples. Presently Dick opened his eyes, and in an instant remembered everything.

"Phew!" he said. "What a lick he gave me!"

"Not much harder than I give him."

"What! Did you hit him?"

"Yes, and rolled him over on deck like a log."

"That's bad," said Dick, meditatively. "Joe, it's likely that blow will cost you a noose around your neck."

"So the captain said."

"You don't seem to be much alarmed."

"What's the good? I'll do my best to get out of his clutches before that time come."

"Have you a plan?"

"No; but I'll conjure one up."

The two brothers lay and talked over their troubles, not being visited by a soul for hours. From the rolling and pitching of the ship they knew that the gale had increased, but having confidence in the ability of the captain, who was a good seaman, in spite of his brutality, they had not much fear on that score. After some hours the tossing of the ship ceased.

"Has the gale ceased?" asked Dick.

"Either that, or we have made a harbor."

After dark a sailor came below to look at them.

"Have you brought us some grub?" asked Joe.

"No. I'm sorry for ye, mates, but I daren't do it without the skipper's orders."

"Does he intend to let us starve?"

"The crew won't let it come to that."

"Look here, messmate," said Dick, "my head aches on account of that infernal blow the captain hit me. Would you mind opening the porthole and giving me a little air?"

The sailor did so.

"Where are we?"

"In harbor at Ramsey's Island."

"Messmate, I want you to do me another favor. Tell the boat-steerer I want to see him."

The man promised compliance, and went away. The night deepened. The hours passed, and the boat-steerer did not come.

"He'll be here," said Dick. "Don't fret. He's only watching his chance."

"I wonder what time it is."

"I should think well on to midnight."

"There's a frightful gale at sea."

Joe rolled over and over to the porthole and looked out. He could make out, in the darkness, that they were in a narrow creek, the shore of which the side of the ship almost touched. He could also dimly perceive the land, which at first was flat and level, but soon rose into rough and rugged hills, which likely terminated in mountains somewhere toward the center of the island. Joe lay by the porthole looking out, when he suddenly started back with a low cry.

"Come here, Dick," he said, in a low, intense whisper.

"What is it?"

"Look yonder."

Dick looked, and away off in the distance, seemingly high in the air, perceived a fire. It increased in size, until by its light they could see that it was built on the top of a mountain. While they gazed, a fearful sight met their vision. A

man, with a fearful cast of countenance, appeared coming from they knew not where, beside the fire. The hair and beard of the man were long, and floated down over his shoulders. He was naked, with the exception of a breechcloth which was wrapped about his loins. But this was not what caused the cry of horror which burst simultaneously from the lips of the two young men. The sight they saw was one which almost froze the blood in their veins with horror. In the arms of the man was a woman, whose long hair floated unconfined over her shoulders.

She was struggling violently, and seemed to be uttering wild cries, although they could not hear them. The man danced with her around the fire, regardless of her struggles, and leaped over and around it. All at once the head of the female dropped, and she lay quiet. She had evidently fainted from excess of fear. This seemed to anger the man, for he stopped short in his antics and raised her above his head.

"Oh, goodness!" groaned Joe. "The fiend is going to throw her into the fire!"

This, indeed, seemed to be his intention, but he apparently changed it at the latest moment. Grasping her tightly in his arms, he gave a mighty spring and disappeared. Joe covered his face with his hands, exclaiming:

"He has leaped with her from the mountain!"

They averted their faces. And then another thing, as strange as the scene preceding it, occurred. They were sure their eyes were not averted half a minute when they looked again. Darkness reigned on the top of the mountain. No trace of the fire was there. They looked at each other in amazement. Dick was the first to speak, saying:

"Have we been dreaming?"

"No, it was reality."

"But the fire. It is gone."

"I don't understand it."

"There is a terrible mystery connected with this island."

"A mystery which, if we could get free from these infernal irons, we would unravel."

"Hist!"

It was the old boat-steerer who spoke. He had come in so stealthily that his entrance had not been perceived.

"I brought ye some grub and water, my lads," he said. "And I'll feed ye."

"We can manage that," said Joe, "if you'll put the plates on our laps."

The old boat-steerer did so, and they soon satisfied their hunger.

"My lads, ye sent for me," said the old man. "What can I do for you?"

"Answer some questions. What port are we ashore at?"

"Ramsey's Island."

"Is it inhabited?"

"By birds and wild animals."

"Is there no human being living on it?"

"No, and never has been."

"How far is it from the nearest mainland?"

"Seven hundred miles."

"Look here," said Dick. "Did you observe nothing unusual a while ago?"

"Nothing at all."

The young men looked at each other with puzzled expressions.

This was wonderful. What they had seen those on the deck should have observed.

"Would you help us if you could?" asked Joe.

"Yes."

"Well, you can do it."

"How?"

"Bring us a saw and a file, and remove those irons from us."

"What good would that do ye, my lads?"

"We would escape through the port hole, go ashore, conceal ourselves on the island, and live there until some ship rescued us."

"The skipper will hunt ye down."

"We'll risk it. Bring us a couple of muskets and some ammunition to take with us. Will you do it?"

"I will," said the old man. "Wait there, and I'll come back with the things ye want."

He left the place with a stealthy tread.

"And if we succeed in getting ashore, I will solve the mystery of Ramsay's Island, if my life is spared to do so," said Joe in a grim voice.

Dick echoed the resolution. In half an hour the old boat-steerer came back, bringing with him a brace of pistols, two muskets and a quantity of ammunition.

"I had lots o' trouble to git 'em," he said. "But git 'em I did, arter a while."

"The file—did you bring it?"

"Yes, but I couldn't find a saw."

"The file will do. Let's get to work."

Getting down on his knees beside them, the boat-steerer went to work. Grate—grate—grate went the file, eating its way through the iron. Suddenly the boat-steerer suspended his operations.

"Hark!" he whispered.

Footsteps were heard approaching.

"It's the skipper," whispered the boat-steerer, darting behind a bale of goods and crouching down. The captain entered, carrying a lantern. He was now drunker than before—so drunk, indeed, that it was with difficulty he could walk without reeling. In his condition he was as savage as a wild beast. Steadying himself before the young men he glared at them vindictively, and said:

"I've been looking over the rules and find I've got authority to hang a mutineer at the yard arm. And I'm going to do it."

The young men turned pale. They knew that in his present condition he would not scruple to do it. Joe asked in a firm voice:

"When are you going to do it—tomorrow?"

"No, now. You've got some friends among the crew, but they're asleep in their bunks. I've woke the men I can depend on, and they've already got the nooses rigged. In the morning, when your friends awake, they'll see you swinging from the yard arm. I'm going now to call four men to carry ye up. Say your prayers."

With a harsh laugh he reeled toward the companionway to summon some of his creatures to carry out his fiendish purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

DESERTERS.

The captain, turning to go out of the hold, precipitated a crisis. Joe and Dick knew that, if he reached the deck and brought down the sailors he

could depend upon, all would be up with them. Before the appearance of the captain, Joe had succeeded in filing his handcuffs nearly through. As the captain turned to leave the hold, Joe gave a sudden wrench to his handcuffs and broke them. Before the captain knew it he was upon him.

He could not have made more than one bound, because the irons were still upon his ankles, and they would have thrown him. As it was, he came near falling, but saved himself by catching the captain by the hair. Before Captain Cutter could utter the cry that was upon his lips, Joe brought down the iron on his wrist upon his thick skull. Down went the captain to the deck insensible.

"Come out here, Bill Buntline," said Joe triumphantly. "I have fixed him."

The boat-steerer crept out from behind the bale of goods and exclaimed:

"Goodness gracious!"

"What's the matter?"

"You've killed the captain."

"I guess not."

"I can't hear him breathe."

"Put your hand over his heart."

The boat-steerer did so, and said:

"It beats."

"Good! I thought his head was too thick to be cracked by any such blow as that. Give me your handkerchief."

The boat-steerer obeyed. Joe stuffed the handkerchief into the captain's mouth, thus effectually gagging him. The handkerchiefs of the two young men were next brought into requisition, and the captain was securely bound hand and foot.

"By Crickety!" said old Bill. "This is a leetle the worst."

"What's the matter?"

"Mutiny agin the skipper. That means death afore any court of admiralty in the world."

"Let me tell you something."

"Let her run."

"Before you skin your rabbit you've always got to catch him."

"The skipper'll catch you, sartain, my lad."

"How's he going to do it if we get ashore?"

"The island ain't large."

"What of that?"

"He'll hunt you down."

"But he won't catch us alive."

"How's that?"

"Because we'll fight until we die before we surrender."

"Right you are," said Dick.

"Hello! I forgot you!"

"Come, ain't you going to cut these blasted handcuffs off of me?"

"You bet I am."

Joe commenced gibing, but was interrupted by the boat-steerer, who said:

"I shouldn't wonder if the cap'n had the key in his pocket."

This suggestion being acted upon, Joe searched the skipper, and found, in his vest pocket, the key to the irons. He used it in the locks, and in a minute they were free. Dick arose, shook himself, and said:

"That feels good."

"Let's get out of this," said Joe. "Some of the crew will be coming down in a minute to look for the captain."

He walked towards the port-hole.

"Hold on," said the boat-steerer.

"What's up now?"

"I brought down your rifle, plenty of ammunition, and a couple of knives."

"You're a trump."

The boat-steerer went to the ladder, and took from behind it the articles mentioned, where he had secreted them.

"Good," said Joe. "Now we're off."

"You'd better go as far into the interior as you can get," observed Bill.

The brothers went to the porthole and peered out. The darkness was so dense that they could see nothing, but they could hear the swash of the waves, and the whistling and roaring of the wind showed that it was blowing a hurricane. This suited them, for on such a night as this they could not be seen, and the sound of their movements could not be heard. Turning to the boat-steerer, each one took a hand of his, and thanked him for what he had done for them. Had it not been for him they would, ere this, undoubtedly have been strung up at the yard arm by the brutal old captain.

"I'm mighty sorry for ye, my lads," said old Bill. "Ye'll have a hard time of it."

"We'll manage."

"The skipper'll be sure to hunt ye down, if he can do it."

"He'll have a hard time of it."

"If ye succeed in keeping clear of him, as soon as the ship leaves ye must hoist a signal of distress on the highest land. But you'll have a slim chance of being took off."

"Why so?"

"Because this here island is out of the track of merchantmen."

"The Thetis came here."

"That was because she was blowed in."

"Another may blow in."

"Well, I'm glad to see ye keep yer spirits," said old Bill.

Once more they shook hands, and then, slipping through the porthole, dropped into the water.

They had only a stroke or two to swim, and this they did with one hand, holding their rifles and ammunition above water with the other. Dick reached shore first, and, crawling out upon the bank, whispered:

"Joe!"

"Here!"

"Let's take hold of hands and keep close together. We'll lose each other in this infernal darkness."

"It is dark!"

"Whew—how it blows!"

"It's a good thing the old Thetis made this harbor. She'd have been handled mighty roughly outside, this night."

"You're right, she would. But it's no good of us staying here."

"Where shall we go?"

"Into the interior."

"How are we going to find it in this Egyptian darkness? We'll go around in a circle."

"It's easy enough to go straight."

"How?"

"The wind's northeast."

"I know it."

"And the direction of the interior of the island is southeast."

"That's so."

"Well, then, we have only to keep the wind blowing on our left cheeks, and we'll go as straight towards the center of the island as if we steered by compass."

"You're right."

"Well, then, go ahead."

Taking hold of each other's hands, they took up their journey, going slowly and carefully, but wishing they had a little more light, for the way was rough. Reaching the woods, they were partially sheltered from the wind, but traveling was worse than ever, for they could not see the trees, and occasionally brought up against them all standing.

"Dick?" said Joe.

"Well?"

"I propose to camp here until morning."

"Do you think we're far enough from the ship?"

"They can't find us to-night, that's certain, and as soon as it daylight, and we can see our way, we will go farther on."

"How far do you suppose we are from the ship?"

"About half a mile, I judge."

"That's far enough. Oh!"

The speaker had come plump against a tree with such force as nearly to knock him down.

"I'll go no farther," he exclaimed. "We might as well be hanged at the yard arm as to have our brains knocked out. Down I go, under this tree."

"I'm with you."

They were about to throw themselves down when a sound like the hissing of a snake was heard. They sprang back, thinking that there was a reptile near them. At that instant a terrible voice was heard. The voice did not seem to come from any particular spot. It was around them on all sides, and at the same time above and below them. And the terrible voice spoke these words:

"This island is enchanted. If you don't instantly leave it you shall both die."

CHAPTER V.—A Strange Adventure.

Astonished at these terrible words, which came from they knew not where, Joe and Dick stood dumfounded, unable to speak. The voice continued.

"Will you obey?"

Joe was the first to reply. Recovering his customary composure, he said, in his matter-of-fact way:

"Who in thunder are you, anyhow?"

"Nobody," replied the voice.

"What are you, then?"

"A shadow, without substance."

"Well, then, Mister Shadow, I'd like to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"We don't scare worth a cent."

"Do you refuse to obey?"

"You ought to know from my answer."

"It is well."

The voice ceased. The young men stood listening for it to continue, but all, save for the sound of the wind in the tree-tops, was still.

Suddenly a scraping sound was heard, and then a faint light appeared. Instantly a little ball of fire was observed floating upward, but where it came from the young men could not see. It ascended in a perfectly straight line. The influence of the gale, when it arose among the tops of the trees, did not sway it to the right or left. The globe of fire gathered velocity as it ascended until it was rising like a flash of light, and quickly disappeared. The young men drew long breaths, and had there been light enough, each could have seen that the other was very pale.

"Joe," said Dick, in a whisper, "what do you make out of this?"

"I'm dashed if I know."

"It gets me."

"And it beats me."

"It must be, and yet I don't see how that is possible, here in the middle of the woods."

"Do you believe in an enchanted island?"

"No; it's all bosh."

"Nor in spirits?"

"Not a bit."

"How then do you account for what we have seen and heard?"

"I don't account for it. But you may be sure there is some hidden mystery connected with this island—a mystery which we are destined to unravel, perhaps."

"The voice said we must leave the island to-night, or die."

"We can only leave it in two ways—one is by swimming, and we'd drown; the other is by returning to the ship, when we'd be hanged."

"And if we stay here we'll be killed."

"By whom?"

"Hanged if I know."

"Then we'll risk it."

"All right. And if we expect to keep out of the clutches of the captain in the morning, we must get some sleep."

"One of us ought to stand guard."

"I'll do it the first part of the night, and then I'll wake you and you can take your watch."

"Very good."

Joe flung himself down at the foot of the tree, and in a moment was asleep. Dick stood up to keep guard, determined to remain awake, although he was very sleepy. It was, perhaps, half an hour after that time when he became sensible of a very peculiar odor. It affected him almost as quickly as would a blow on the head from a club. A languor which he could not throw off came upon him. He sank down at the foot of the tree, and in an instant knew no more. The next thing that Dick realized was that he was oppressed by a sense of heaviness. He opened his heavy eyes and looked around. To his surprise, he was in a room which was brilliantly lighted by lamps hanging from the ceiling. He looked around for Joe, and found that he was lying by his side. He shook him, saying:

"Wake up."

Joe opened his eyes, looked around for an in-

stant in a bewildered manner, and then, putting his hand to his forehead, said:

"My head aches."

"So does mine."

"Where am I?"

"The devil a bit do I know."

"But you must know how we came here."

"I am as ignorant as you are."

"What happened after we went to sleep?"

Dick related what had occurred.

"Well," said Joe, recovering his composure, "we had better find out where we are."

They arose, and looked about for the door, but could find none. Neither was there a window in the place. More alarmed than they cared to confess, they stood and looked at each other helplessly. At that instant the voice which had spoken to them in the woods was again heard. It said:

"Do you longer defy my power?"

"We haven't defied you."

"Will you leave this island?"

"We can't."

"You can go aboard your ship."

"That is impossible, and I'll tell you the reason."

"I wish no reasons."

"Well, that's——"

"Silence, and listen. We have had mercy on you because you are young, and we don't wish to take your life. But if you are here at noon to-morrow you die, for we will show you no further mercy."

"Who are 'we'?"

There was no reply. The light was suddenly extinguished, and they were in total darkness. At the same instant that indescribable odor which Dick had perceived when under the tree in the woods pervaded the room. Strive as they would against it, the young men could not resist its influence. Down they sank, and their eyes closed. They became insensible to all that was going on around them. How long they were in that condition they never knew. When they opened their eyes again they were underneath the very tree where these strange occurrences had first befallen them. The clouds had now dispersed, and, although there was a high wind, the moon was shining. They could plainly see each other.

"I have had a dream," said Dick.

"And I," said Joe.

Dick related his dream. It was the same as Joe's.

"Then it was no dream at all," they said to one another.

"Are the rifles safe?"

This was the next question they asked. The rifles were lying by their sides, uninjured. Their knives were in their belts.

"Joe," said Dick, "it must have been a dream."

"I don't think so."

"Then we are really on an enchanted island."

"No. It is some jugglery."

"But these beings, or whatever they are, have us in their power, and if we don't leave the island by noon they'll kill us."

"Well, we can't leave the island, and must risk death by remaining."

It being so settled, there was little more said. They kept awake until daylight, and then arose and looked around. They were on an elevated plateau of land and could see the creek where

the ship was lying. A body of men left the ship. At their head was the captain.

"They're after us," said Joe. "The human bloodhounds are on our scent, and we may expect hot work."

"Are you determined to fight to the death?"

"Yes."

"And I. Now let 'em come."

CHAPTER VI.—The Dog Is Killed.

"Shall we stand here and fight?"

"We'll have a better chance farther into the interior, where the trees are thicker."

"Let us retreat, then."

"Hold on. It may be they'll not come this way."

At first it seemed they would not, for they moved off further to the south. But the captain halted them, and, pointing in the direction of the young men, started in that direction, followed by the sailors.

"Let's be off," said Dick.

"Wait a while."

"What for?"

"I want to see who the captain's got with him."

When the party came closer, it was seen that he had with him the worst element of the crew. If they caught Joe and Dick, they would not scruple, at the command of the captain, to hang them to the most convenient tree.

"It'll go hard with us if they get us," said Dick.

"It will that. Hold hard! Who's that with 'em?"

"Ben Buntline, by gracious!"

"Goodness gracious! What is he doing with our enemies? Can it be that he has turned traitor?"

"I'll answer for his fidelity with my life."

"Why is he with them, then?"

"Perhaps he has been ordered by the captain. And then, again, it may be that he has volunteered to come along, to befriend us if he gets a chance."

"Gee whiz, Harry! They've got the ship's dog with 'em, too."

"We're gone."

"Not much. Never say die."

The dog spoken of was one which belonged to the ship. He was a cross between the bloodhound and mastiff, and could pursue a track with unerring scent. He was a fierce brute, too, appearing to have affection for only the captain and a man named Binks, who usually fed him. He was now led by Binks, who kept him in with a rope, fastened to his collar. The dog was moving to and fro, evidently hunting for the scent. Suddenly he halted, and then uttered a deep bay and sprang forward to the end of the leash.

"He's struck the trail," said Joe. "Now, indeed, we must run for it, Dick."

"Away we go!"

Off they sprang, through the woods, running like deers. At this point the island was about five miles across. Pursuing nearly a straight line, in about an hour they reached the edge of the woods, which over-reached the sea on the

east. The baying of the dog could be heard, but not so loud as at first, showing that they had gained on him. Turning about at right angles, they hurried to the southward, following the edge of the woods. In this way they kept on for two or three hours. Various expedients were resorted to throw the dog off the scent, but without success. The only result it had was to lose time, so that at last they knew the dog was not more than a quarter of a mile from them. All at once there was a series of short, sharp yelps, and then they could tell by the sound that the hound was approaching much faster than any man could run.

"He has broken his leash!" exclaimed Dick, turning pale. "He'll be upon us in a minute."

"We must fight for it. If we can kill the dog we'll have a chance."

"Where shall we make the stand?"

"Here. This is as good a place as any."

"Shall we shoot him?"

"No; that will give them notice of our whereabouts. We must trust to our knives."

"He's a powerful brute."

"The pair of us can fix him. We must risk it, at least. As a last resort we can use the gun."

The place where they had made their stand was a small glade, surrounded on all sides by thick bushes. In the center of this opening they took their stand, side by side, with drawn knives. Their rifles lay on the ground, just behind them. They had not a minute to wait before the loud yells of the dog proclaimed that he was close at hand. An instant later he burst through the bushes, and was in sight of them. His eyes were as red as blood, and his tongue was lolling out. He was a fearful-looking creature as he contemplated them a moment, and then sprang. Joe was in advance. The dog sprang at him first, and was met by a blow of the knife, which, however, glanced, inflicting only a flesh wound, which did no more than infuriate the animal.

Before Joe could strike again, the weight of the dog had thrown him down. The dog now came at his throat, but he managed to evade its jaws by throwing up his arm and knocking the head aside. Dick's activity now came into play. Leaping upon the dog, he drove his knife into its back. With a howl of pain and fury, the dog left Joe and turned its attention to its new assailant. Down went Dick before its fierce onslaught. It would have been all up with Dick in a twinkling had not Joe sprung upon his feet in a twinkling, and, catching the dog by the throat, he drove his knife into its body just behind the shoulder. The knife entered a last dull yell and ran down. The young men sprang to their feet.

"Are you hurt?" asked Joe.

"No; am I?"

"He's a powerful brute!"

"Think! What's that?"

Before an answer could be given, the bushes parted, and Binks appeared. He held in his hand several feet of the rope which the dog had broken. The instant he saw the young deserters he sprang towards them, crying:

"Alas we've got you, have we?"

Joe, who had picked up his rifle, pointed it at him, and said:

"Don't come near me, Binks, or we'll serve you as we served that dog."

Binks at this instant noticed the dog.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "You've killed him."

"I reckon he'll never track another fellow."

"You infernal rascals! I'll not wait for the captain. I'll have your blood this instant!"

Binks was a big fellow, who, in point of size, was equal to both the young deserters. Trusting to his superior strength, he intended to use them both roughly. Joe brought his rifle to a level, saying:

"If you advance another step you're a dead man!"

Binks stopped, and turning pale, exclaimed:

"Would you shoot me?"

"Yes, I would!"

"You young scoundrels! You shall both be flogged for this before you're hanged!"

"That reminds me," said Dick, coolly. "Keep him there a minute, Joe."

Dick walked to the edge of the thicket, and cut a good-sized sprout. This he trimmed nicely, and, going back to Binks, said:

"Listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"I suppose you flogged more men than any other fellow alive?"

"I've done my share."

"Did you ever get a licking?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going to give you a good one."

"You'll never dare!"

"Won't I? You'll see. Joe, keep him covered with your rifle, and if he resists, shoot him down."

"By the way, Binks, where's your rifle?"

"I broke the stock aways back, and threw it away. Otherwise you'd have been dead, one of you, before this."

"We'll take the will for the deed. Now, you cruel scoundrel, I'm going to flog you like a dog, as you've flogged dozens of poor sailors. If you show fight, you'll be shot dead."

Swish—swish! The lash descended over the neck and face of Binks, and twined around his legs, cutting ridges at every blow. He danced and roared with pain.

"Give it to him!" shouted Joe.

Swish—swish—swish—swish! It was a jolly licking that Binks got, and Dick did not desist until his arm ached, and he could no longer strike. So intent were they upon the scene before them, that they did not hear the approach of the captain and crew, who, guided to the spot by the cries of Binks, burst through the bushes and stood before them. Dick threw down his whip and caught up his rifle.

"You young hounds!" shouted the captain, "throw down your rifles."

"Not much."

"Down with 'em, or we'll fire!"

"Fire away, you bloody tyrant! I'd rather be shot than hanged at the yard arm."

"Upon them, men!"

"Back!" shouted Joe, through his teeth. "We're not to be taken alive. The first man that advances I'll blow a hole through, so help me Bob!"

CHAPTER VII.—They Hear the Strange Voice Again.

"Go for 'em!" said the captain.

The sailors had taken

"D'ye hear?" shouted the skipper.

"Blarst it, cap'n! the fellers'll shoot!"

"Let 'em shoot!"

"They'll plug one of us, sartain."

"Let 'em plug!"

"H'm!" said one of the most rascally of the crew. "I s'pose you don't object to bein' shot."

"Not when I'm in the line of my duty."

"Well, then, skipper, take the lead agin them young whelps, an' ye'll be in the line uv yer duty."

Strange to say, the captain did not relish this interpretation of the "line of his duty."

He snarled at Joe and Dick, but stood still. A titter of laughter ran among the sailors.

"What're ye laughing at?" demanded the captain.

"Nothin'."

"Are you going to obey?"

"Sartain."

"Well, then, rush on them young hounds and capture 'em."

The sailors edged forward.

"Now, look here," said Joe, "we don't want to shoot you fellows."

"Don't do it, then."

"But we don't intend to be taken."

"How're ye goin' to help it?"

"By shooting down the first rascal of you that attempts to do it."

"My goodness gracious!"

"You needn't make light of it, either; and don't you forget it."

"See here, Joe," said the most rascally one of the sailors, "let's hold a parley."

"That's what we're doing now."

"I mean let's hold a truce."

"What kind of a truce?"

"You let us come up an' speak to you, an' we'll arrange things."

"H'm! what a fool you are!"

"How's that?"

"Do you think us green?"

"Hardly."

"Well, then, shut up your jaw."

"You're sassy, my chicken."

"That's so."

"If you'll surrender, we won't let the cap'n hurt you."

"Oh, go hang yourself."

"Well, then, we'll come and take you."

"Pipe ahead."

"Joe," whispered Dick.

"What is it?"

"I have a plan."

"What is it?"

"We can't stand here all day. Those chaps'll get the deadwood on us sooner or later."

"That's so."

"We must do it."

"You're right; we must."

"I'll cover the back."

"But how is it to be done? Those rascals'll get into us the instant we turn our backs."

"Well back off till we get under cover of the woods, and then dodge behind the bushes."

"I'll give us a volley."

"H'm!"

"Are you sure you are ready to do this?"

"I'm sure."

"All right."

"Are you ready?"

"I am."

"Look here, you fellows, we're going to retreat."

"Are you?"

"We are so; but I want to give you a little advice first."

"Go ahead."

"We're going to keep our faces towards you while we retreat. If one of you rascals takes a step forward, or raises a gun to take aim, down you go."

"Upon 'em!" shouted the captain. "D'ye hear?"

But no man stirred, and the captain was no more anxious than the others.

"Now," said Dick, "retreat it is, and keep our faces to the foe."

"Ready!"

"Now!"

They commenced retreating slowly. Hardly had they moved when the sailors stirred.

"Back!" shouted Joe.

A menace with the rifle was enough. The fellows paused again.

"Oho!" said Joe. "That settles you!"

They reached the edge of the woods, and, still keeping their eyes fixed on the sailors, were about to dash into the forest, when a voice whispered, just loud enough for them to hear:

"Turn to the left, and run due east."

"Who was that?" whispered Dick.

There was no answer.

"Shall we take his advice?" said Joe, in the same low whisper.

"I think so."

"He seems to be a friend."

"Yes, unless it's intended to get us into a trap."

"I don't think it is."

"Why not?"

"Because, if he had been an enemy, he could easily have shot one of us from behind."

"That's so."

"Shall we follow his advice?"

"Yes."

"Are you ready?"

"All ready."

"Well, then, spring behind the bushes and fall, for they'll instantly shoot. As soon as we've drawn their fire up and run to the east, if we're alive."

"All right."

"Leap."

Instantly they turned and leaped into the bushes. There was a yell from the sailors, and the captain cried:

"Fire!"

"Down!" whispered Joe.

Down they went, behind the bushes. Bang, bang, bang, bang! There was a volley from the guns of the sailors. It cut through the bushes.

"Are you hurt, Joe?" whispered Dick.

"No; are you?"

"A lock of my hair is gone."

"That'll grow."

"Up! and to the eastward."

They sprang to their feet and dashed away. The captain, who had reserved his fire, observed them gliding through the bushes, and fired.

"Gracious!" cried Joe.

"What's the matter?"

"He's hitting the air."

"Oh, that's all!"

"No; only skin deep."

"That'll grow, like my hair."

"Pursue! pursue!" shouted the captain.

"Away!" cried Dick.

On they dashed, the sailors in pursuit. The woods being open, they could not get out of sight. Their experience of the night and morning having exhausted them, they could not gain on the sailors. To compensate for this, they had a rifle loaded, while the sailors who had weapons had to stop to load. Running on, they came to a piece of woods which was more open than the rest. It was inexpedient to run across this. There was no time for debate. Chance, now, only, could direct them to the proper course.

"To the left," said Dick.

"To the right," said Joe.

Both spoke haphazard, and at the same instant. And an instant afterwards a voice whispered:

"Turn to the right, and run like the wind!"

CHAPTER VIII.—Treed by a Lion.

The sailors were gaining. Hesitation would have been fatal.

"Away we go!" said Dick.

"To the right?"

"Yes."

Away they went. Suddenly they came to a dense hedge. Into it they dashed. Concealment was now easy. They crashed through the hedge.

"This won't do," said Dick.

"Why not?"

"They can hear us."

"How are we going to help it?"

"Go slow."

"Then they'll gain on us."

"Will you abide at my directions?"

"Yes; for I'm at the end of my rope."

"Follow me, then, slowly, and without noise."

They edged their way noiselessly through the hedge for fifty yards. By this time the sailors were alarmingly close. Suddenly Dick turned off at right angles to the right, glided noiselessly along, and fell down, not having gone more than fifty yards.

"Let 'em go on," he said.

"We can't stay here."

"As soon as they pass we'll git."

The sailors came on and passed the place, giving vent to loud yells. Suddenly they passed.

"They've lost us," said Joe.

"They have. Now, let's make tracks, and get out of the way while they're looking for us."

Away they went again, still gliding noiselessly through the thicket. They had gone an eighth of a mile in this way, and thought themselves safe from pursuit long enough to afford them time to breathe, when suddenly Joe, who was in advance, sprang back.

"What's up?" demanded Dick.

"A lion."

"Where?" demanded Dick. "I didn't think there was any lion on this island."

"Where is he?" he questioned.

"Behind that bush."

"No, I saw him."

"Well, he's there. I saw him."

A growl was heard.

"That settles it," said Dick.

"Can we retreat?"

"That would be useless. He's watching us, and the instant we move on the back track he'll be upon us."

"What's to be done?"

"We must shoot him."

"That'll bring the sailors on us again."

"Well, that's better than being chewed up by a lion."

"I don't know about that. We're pretty certain of being 'chewed up' if the skipper gets hold of us."

"You're right."

"Then we'll use the gun."

"But suppose you don't kill the beast?"

"Then we're goners."

"Goodness! it's just one peril and then another."

"Don't croak, Joe."

"Who's croaking?"

"You are."

"Not a bit of it. Shoot away. I can stand the claws of a lion as well as you can."

"Maybe he won't attack us after all."

This hope was put an end to by the appearance of the lion around the bush. Tired of contemplating the young men, he was about to commence the preliminary preparations for his meal. That he was on the warpath was certain, for his hair stuck straight up on his back. Suddenly he uttered a fearful roar, and crouched down until his belly struck the earth.

"He's coming!" shouted Joe. "Give it to him!"

Bang! It was not Dick's fault that the lion was not killed. His aim was true enough, and the bullet struck the lion in the middle of the forehead. But, unfortunately, the bullet glanced, merely inflicting a painful flesh wound. This made the lion hideously angry. With another roar, more fiendish than the first, he launched himself upon his leap.

"Dodge!"

Such was the simultaneous exclamation of the two young men. Each sprang aside as quick as a flash of lightning. The lion passed between them. As it happened, a tree stood near each of them.

"Shin up!" shouted Dick.

He dropped his rifle, "shinned" up the trunk of the tree, and was upon one of its branches in an instant. Joe did the same. They were now in two trees, about ten yards apart, with a raging lion between them. The lion first seized the rifle Dick had flung aside, and with a crunch of his teeth had demolished it.

"The deuce!" groaned Dick. "There goes our chance of getting grub!"

"He can't get at us."

"But the sailors can."

"How's that?"

"They heard the shot, and will come here."

"The lion'll crunch 'em up."

"They can kill him, there's so many of 'em."

"And then go for us."

"That's the cheese."

The sailors could be heard shouting to each other. The lion's growl was nearer.

"I tell you so," said Dick.

"We're goners!"

"Never say so, my boy."

"Confound the lion!"

"So say I!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it? as Bill Tweed said."

"Blest if I know. Goodness gracious!"

"What's up?"

"Looks at the capers of the lion."

The royal beast was doing his best to get up into the tree where Dick was. Of course this was impossible, but it did not make the situation any more comfortable.

"Dick," said Joe.

"What?"

"You can reach him from the lower limb. Put your knife into him."

"Heavens! How close those sailors seem to be!"

"Probe him. We must drive him off."

The lion now stood on his hind feet, resting his fore paws against the trunk. Dick reached over the lower limb. The lion looked up and roared. Dick slashed with his knife, saying:

"Take that!"

He cut the lion across the nose. The beast dropped, with a roar of rage; but was up again in a second. Again he tried the same tactics, and again Dick slashed him, this time in the mouth. The lion gave it up, and lay down to watch them. The shouts of the sailors were now alarmingly near. They could even be heard crashing through the underbrush. They were safe from the beast; but the human brutes were coming, attracted to the spot by the growlings of the lion.

"We're gofers!" groaned Joe.

"Not yet."

"Do you see a chance?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Well, right for it with the sailors, when they all the lion."

The lion was now lying down, growling and switching his tail. They awaited the arrival of the sailors headed by the brutal captain.

CHAPTER IX.—Old Bill to the Rescue.

Bang! The lion sprang up at least ten feet in the air, and then fell back cowering. A bullet had gone through his heart. There were a fewicks and flounces, and then he stiffened out.

"He is dead," said Dick.

"As a door-nail."

"I wonder who fired that shot."

"Hello, young fellers!"

"Eh, what? It's the boatswain!"

Bill Tweed stepped out into the open, and said:

"Come down from aloft, my hearties!"

They came down, grasped the boatswain's hand,

and said:

"We've saved our lives, Bill."

"What's that? The lion couldn't have got up there!"

"The lion couldn't!"

"No, he couldn't."

"What's that? That's just what he couldn't do!"

"Yes, he couldn't."

"What's that? That's just what he couldn't do!"

"He couldn't, the lion couldn't!"

"Well, we must get out of this."

"Is yer rifle bruk?"

"Yes."

"Where's t'other-one?"

"Lost."

"Take this un."

"Ain't you going with us?"

"No. I can do more good by follerin' behind an' scoutin' on my own hook."

A cry came from the sailors, who were not more than a hundred yards off.

"Away we go again," said Joe.

"Good-by, Bill."

"Here, take this shootin'-iron."

"Don't you need it?"

"Not so much as you will. Come git."

Away they went, but not so quickly but that one of the sailors caught a glimpse of them. Concealment being now at an end, they started off at full speed. Being now fresher than the sailors, who had been on the go all the time, they held their own, and even gained a little.

"They'll give it up," said Dick.

"They would if it wasn't for the captain. He'll pursue until he drops."

"Well, I'll drop him, if it comes to that."

"Shoot him?"

"Yes; if it comes to shooting, and I have to shoot somebody, he'll get the first ball."

"If the captain was dead I think the rest would give it up."

"You're probably right; but it's a terrible thing to kill the captain."

"I'll do it, though, rather than have the kid us."

"We must avoid bloodshed if we can."

"There's only one way it can be avoided."

"What's that?"

"For the captain to stop this black-dirty chase."

While they talked they were hurrying on. The way became very rocky. Suddenly they came to a chasm which was at least fifteen feet wide.

"We're stuck!" said Dick.

"Yes, and cornered."

"How's that?"

"There come the sailors."

The captain and crew, being accustomed to climbing, had made good progress among the rocks. They had come up hand-over-hand, and would be on the spot in five minutes.

"There they are!" shouted the captain. "Charge ahead, my hearties! We've got 'em!"

"Guess they have," said Dick.

"It looks like it."

"Is there no way to leap the chasm?"

"None that I can see."

"Then catch 'em!"

The sailors were now within a hundred paces.

"Stop!" shouted Joe.

"Go to the devil!" cried the captain.

"I'll fire, and the first bullet shall go through your black heart!"

"You young hounds! Would you kill me?"

"Yes, blamed quick."

This produced a halt, as the boys were partially protected behind some bushes. Had it not been for the fact that the captain was so near, the boys would have ordered the sailors to stop. The sailors were now within a few feet. The captain was

crouching behind the rocks, and dodging from one to the other, gradually approached nearer.

"Give it to 'em, Dick," said Joe.

"Not much. Don't you see what they are at?"

"They're trying to get here, I expect."

"Yes, and something else. They're trying to draw our fire, when they can rush in without danger."

"I'll jump into the chasm before I'll be taken."

"So will I."

Crack! A bullet whistled past Dick's head, which had been too much exposed. Angered by this, Dick forgot his caution, and drew a bead on the captain, who dodged behind a rock before the gun could be fired.

"We'll have you, you rascals!" he shouted.

"First catch your hare," said Dick.

"Hallo!"

The voice came from the other side of the chasm.

"Gentlemen!"

They looked across the chasm, and saw a girl standing there. In her hand she carried a small rifle.

"We're in a fix," said Dick.

"I see you are."

"Can you help us?"

"Yes."

"How will you do it?"

"Wait and I'll show you."

At the foot of the girl was a wide board. With greater strength than they thought she possessed she raised the board up on end and let it fall across the chasm. This action was observed by the captain, who shouted to his men:

"Make a rush, or they'll get away!"

Dick pointed his rifle. This cowed the men, not one of whom was anxious to climb the rocks in the face of certain death.

"Come across," said the girl.

"They'll shoot us."

"It's your only chance."

"We must try it, Dick."

"I'm with you."

"Wait a second. Have a shot at the captain first. Do you see him?"

"Yes; he's poking his head out from around that large rock."

"Give him one."

Bang! The captain sprang out from behind the rock, and clapped his hand to his ear.

"You've played him," said Joe.

"I haven't," said Dick.

"Yes."

"I wish it had been upward and not down."

"Oh, oh, oh!" said the captain.

"He's all right," said Joe. "I don't see him."

The captain, recovering his presence of mind, began yelling and cursing, and shouted:

"Shoot!"

With the blood flowing from his ear, he led the way up the rocks.

"Aren't we go!" shouted Dick.

They leaped up and ran to the board that was stretched across the chasm.

"The captain's coming," said Joe.

"He's coming," said Dick. "I don't see him."

They looked up at the board. "Crack!" went a bullet. "Bang! bang! bang!"

CHAPTER X.—They Get the Captain's Rifle.

As the captain's rifle cracked Joe staggered.

"Hit!" shouted the captain.

Joe turned and shook his fist at him.

"Don't fret your gizzard," he cried. "I am worth a good many dead men yet."

Dick and Joe leaped off the plank, on to the other side of the chasm. The voice of the girl sounded out:

"Pull in the plank."

They caught it and jerked it on their side. The sailors and the captain having fired their rifles, the young men were safe until they could reload. The captain and his men came running up to the edge of the chasm. Perceiving its width, they did not dare try to jump it. The captain howled in his fury. Believing he had his hated prey in his grasp, he saw them escape at the very instant of capture.

"You young dogs!" he shouted, "I'll have you yet."

"Guess not."

"I'll skin you alive!"

"First catch your hare, captain."

"I'll catch you."

"Come ahead, old cruelty."

"Load up, men. Load up and shoot 'em."

Dick raised his rifle and said:

"Look here, you fellows, if one of you dare to commence to load, I'll shoot him."

"Load up!" roared the captain.

"Daren't, sir."

"Why not?"

"They'll shoot us."

"You blamed cowards!"

"I say, cap'n?"

"Well?"

"Load your own rifle. Mebbe he can't hit you while you're a-doin' it."

"What! you want me to get shot?"

"Ain't anxious; but neither do we want to get it."

Giving in to the force of this reasoning, the captain stood scratching his head, while the sailors leaned on their rifles, grinning. The young men across the chasm laughed.

"Ah!" said Dick, "you're checkmated, ain't you, Mister Skipper?"

"I'll have the blood of you two thieves."

"Catch us first."

"Do you know the doom of deserters?"

"They are hanged, sometimes."

"Sometimes?"

"Yes, and sometimes they ain't."

"How do you make that out?"

"Sometimes they ain't caught, old hulk."

The captain's red face became redder than ever, but, realizing the truth of this remark, he had nothing to say.

"Dick?" whispered Joe, in a low tone.

"What is it, old man?"

"There's only one way to get it."

"I don't see it."

"And we've got a chance to have two."

"I don't see it."

"Well, I do."

"Where are we going to get it?"

"From the captain."

"He won't be fool enough to give us his."
 "I think he will."
 "How do you make that out?"
 "Well, you know, the captain, in spite of all his bluster, is a miserable coward."

"That's so."
 "Tell him you'll shoot him if he doesn't throw his rifle over here."

"Oho!" said Dick. "I twig."
 He suddenly shifted his rifle until it covered the skipper's heart.

"Mercy!" shouted the captain.
 "How do you like it?"
 "Are you going to shoot me dead, in cold blood?"

"Strikes me you've tried to do that with us."
 "It was only in fun."
 "Ha, ha! I like that. Don't stir, you old Turk, or I'll plug you."

"Hold on."
 "I'm going to, just a minute. You feel like doing us a favor—don't you, captain?"

"Yes, darn you!"
 "Well, you see, I've got a very good rifle?"
 "I'm painfully aware of it."
 "But Joe's got none."
 "I'm glad of that."
 "But he wants one."
 "Well, then, let him get it."
 "We wants yours."
 "Mine!"
 "Yes, sir, and he expects to get it."
 "I'd like to know how?"
 "You're going to give it to him."
 "I'm not such a blamed fool as that."
 "You'll be a fool if you don't."
 "Will I?"

"Yes, sir; for if you don't, in less than a minute you'll be dead."

"Good gracious!"
 "I'll give you just a minute to toss it over here, with your powder-flask and bullet-pouch."
 "I'm blest if I do."

"All right; but down you go if you don't. Joe, count sixty, reasonably slow. That'll be about one a second, and will take a minute. If the captain's rifle ain't on this side of the chasm before you say sixty, I'll shoot at the captain's heart. And I can't miss him at this distance."

"You infernal cannibals," cried the skipper, turning pale.

"Well, we won't eat you," said Dick. "You're too rotten inside."

"I wish we could get at you."
 Joe commenced to count:

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two—twenty-three—twenty-four—twenty-five—twenty-six—twenty-seven—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—thirty—thirty-one—thirty-two—thirty-three—thirty-four—thirty-five—thirty-six—thirty-seven—thirty-eight—thirty-nine—forty—forty-one—forty-two—forty-three—forty-four—forty-five—forty-six—forty-seven—forty-eight—forty-nine—fifty—fifty-one—fifty-two—fifty-three—fifty-four—fifty-five—fifty-six—fifty-seven—fifty-eight—fifty-nine—sixty."

"Hold on!" screamed the captain, who would have retreated, but was afraid to move.

"Hold on, Joe!"
 "Fifty-five—fifty-six—fifty-seven—fifty-eight—fifty-nine—sixty."

"Wait," screamed the skipper. "You're in a thunderin' hurry to murder me."

"Pipe away, Joe."
 "Thirty-eight—thirty-nine—"

"Stop, you fiend!"
 Joe kept mercilessly on. He got up to fifty. The captain became yellow with fear.

"Fifty-sixths of your life is gone. You've got just ten seconds to live. Go ahead, Joe."

"Fifty-one—fifty-two—fifty-three—"

"Throw her over, cap'n," said one of the sailors. "One rifle ain't much."

"Hurry up," said Dick.
 "By gracious! I'll never—"

"Count ahead, Joe."
 "Fifty-four—fifty-five—fifty-six—"

"Take it, blast ye!" roared the captain, and threw his rifle across the chasm.

CHAPTER XI.—A Daring Scheme.

"Ha, ha!" laughed a girlish voice.

"That's the girl," said Joe.
 "Yes, it is," Dick replied. "I say, my lass, wasn't that done pretty slick?"

"It was, indeed."
 "Do the rest," said Joe.

"What's next?"
 "The powder and ball."

"Oh, yes, I forget. I say, old Turk."

"What is it, blast ye?"
 "Pitch over the findings."

"The what?"
 "The powder and ball."

"I'm blamed if I do!"
 "Oh, well, if you want to lose your life for a little powder and shot, I'm willing. Go ahead, Joe, with the balance of that sixty."

"Where shall I begin?"
 "Where you left off."

"Where was that? About fifty-six, wasn't it?"
 "I guess so."

"All right. Fifty-seven—fifty-eight—"

"Hold on!" roared the captain.
 "Nary hold on."

"I'll throw the things."
 "Let 'em come."

The captain threw over the bullet-pouch, and powder-flask, and also a box of caps.

"Now you're shouting," said Dick. "Joe, gather up the plunder."

Joe picked up the articles. His fear was that the stock of the rifle had been cracked by the fall, but it was, luckily, unharmed.

"Good-by, captain," he said, making a bow.
 "You does! I'll have your blood for that."

"Remember the recipe for cooking the hare, captain. First catch the hare. I wonder how many times we'll have to tell you that?"

"I'll catch you yet."

"There's many a slip."

"And I'll hang lots of 'em."

"You're welcome, Blackbeard."

"Oh, crickets!" shouted the captain.
 "What's the matter? Get the cable? A dose of ginger powder tea good for colds."

"Come," said Dick. "stop counting."
 "All right. What's the next move?"

"Vamoose."

"I'm agreeable."

"Good-day, captain," said Dick. "Better luck next time. I say, how feels thy ear?"

"You hounds!"

"Take it easy, skipper."

"I'll cut your hearts out."

"Don't; it might hurt."

"I'll torture you."

"Cut in, old man."

With these words Dick made a contemptuous gesture, and then walked around the rock, accompanied by Joe, who said:

"Ain't the bloody old Turk mad?"

"Well, he is."

"I believe you ought to have plugged him."

"Well, I hated to, in cold blood."

"He's got a nice little hole in his ear."

"The next time I'll take off the tip of his nose."

"I'll have a tug at him next."

"Go in, lemons."

They expected to see the girl around the ledge, but, to their surprise, she was nowhere to be seen.

"Confound it, she's left."

"That's plain, and we'd better follow."

"How're you going to do it?"

"She found a way."

"Well, we will."

"Why not?"

"Because we're surrounded on all sides by high rocks, that a goat couldn't climb."

"She must have climbed 'em."

"Impossible, unless she had wings."

"That's likely; she looked enough like an angel."

"Pshaw! don't be a fool."

They searched around on all sides, but could find no means of exit.

"The girl must have gone through the ground," said Joe.

"That can't be."

"How, then, did she get away?"

"I don't know."

"Let's look about."

They looked, but could find no spot at which the cliffs could be climbed. It looked very much as if they were caught like rats in a trap. By crossing the chasm on the plank they had jumped from the firing-line into the fire. In their hurried search for a means of retreat they had exposed themselves. The result was—Bang! A bullet whistled past Joe's head and flattened itself against the rock. Joe dropped.

"Hurt?" asked Dick.

"Not that I don't intend to be."

"Good for you, old man. I'll do likewise."

Dick dropped out of harm's way.

"What's to be done?"

"You tell me and I'll tell you."

"I can't."

"Neither can I."

"Let's take a view of the enemy."

They peered over the low piece of rock behind which they were lying, and only saw two men. Or rather they saw a part of the heads of two men, who were lying flat on their stomachs, behind larger pieces of rock.

"Where are the others?" asked Dick.

"I can guess."

"And I can't."

"They've gone to find a way of getting across to this side of the chasm."

"Heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"They'll catch us like rats in a trap. We can't get out."

"Never say die, old man."

"I don't; but something must be done."

"That's so."

"It'll never do to stay here until the captain and the other fellows get across and come down on us."

"That's so."

"They'll chew us up in ten seconds afterwards."

"You're right they will."

"We must get up some plan or another."

"Let's think about it."

They dropped their heads and relapsed into intense thought. After a while Joe said:

"Well, Dick, what have you lit upon?"

"Nothing."

"I have."

"What is it?"

"It's risky."

"Give it to us. It's better to incur risk than wait for certain death."

"Well, we must go back over the chasm, the way we came."

"And face the rifles of those fellows yonder?"

"Of course, we'll have to do that."

"We can push the plank over."

"And draw their fire before we cross. I don't believe they can hit anybody, anyhow."

"Let's get about it. The captain'll be here before long, I'm afraid."

"Come ahead."

They leaped up from behind the rock, seized the plank, and pushed it across.

"Now," said Dick. "Over we go!"

They sprang out upon the plank. Instantly there came the crack of two rifles. Bang! Bang!

CHAPTER XII.—The Girl Appears Again.

Whiz! Whiz! The bullets whistled past their heads. It seemed almost a miracle that, at such close quarters, neither man was hit. But so it was, owing, perhaps, to the sailors being unaccustomed to the use of the rifle. In an instant the chasm was cleared. The sailors, big, burly fellows, stood up to oppose the passage.

"Stand back!" they said.

"Not much. Get out of the way!"

"Guess not!"

The young men were left to show the fellows, except as a last resource. The head of a human being had never been on their hands, and they hated to take life. Rushing upon the sailors, they closed with them. Dick's man leveled a blow at him which, had it struck him, would have felled him like an ox. Dick dodged it, and striking out, hit his man a blow in the face that staggered him. Following up his advantage, he struck another blow with all his strength. The man fell, striking the rocks with his head. It seemed the signal out of the danger, and he lay motionless. Joe had not lost with such good fortune. The

sailor managed to get hold of him, and there was a hand-to-hand struggle.

The sailor was the stronger and heavier, but Joe made up for this in agility. To and fro they staggered, the victory being the strongest doubt. All at once Joe's foot struck a rock and he went down. The sailor fell on him heavily. Joe was half stunned and wholly confused by the concussion. At this instant, when he was at the sailor's mercy, Dick disposed of his man. Perceiving the desperate situation of Joe, he rushed upon the sailor, who was about to deal him a blow that would have knocked him senseless. Clubbing his rifle, Dick whirled it around his head and struck. Crash! The rifle struck the sailor on the head, and he fell like a log, the senses all knocked out of him.

"Hurt, old man?" he asked.

"Shook up a little."

"You'll get over that."

"S'pose so."

"Well, get up."

Joe arose, a little bewildered, but rubbing his head, soon came to his senses.

"All right," said he.

"Well, let's git."

"We'd better disarm those chaps."

They took the rifles and ammunition of the insensible sailors, and were about to go away to the westward, when a silvery voice from across the chasm called out:

"Hey, I say, gentlemen!"

Looking that way, they saw the girl, who was standing on the other side of the chasm, rifle in hand, looking at them. The young men took off their hats and saluted her, saying:

"Glad to see you again, miss."

"Where are you going?"

"To the west, to escape."

"Why did you go back to that side of the chasm and run the risk of being killed by those two men?"

"We couldn't stay there and have the captain come at us. We were in a trap."

"Didn't I get you into the trap?"

"Yes."

"Well, I intended to get you out of it."

"How?"

"I got out of it, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And of course I could have got you out. I didn't intend to desert you."

"Thank you."

"But you are like all men. You are impatient. You wouldn't trust me."

The young men looked a little ashamed. The young girl smiled and continued:

"Are you willing to trust me now?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then come over to me."

"Come along, Dick," said Joe.

They once more crossed the plank. The young girl took a hand of each of them, and said:

"You are brave young men."

"We have to be. We're fighting for life. If we fall into the captain's hands we're goners."

"Did you commit any crime on board your ship?"

"No, miss. We deserted to avoid persecution, which we had stood as long as we could."

"Is the captain a bad man?"

"He's a brute."

"I believe you. Follow me; but first throw the plank into the chasm. You will have no further use for it."

"If you will allow me to differ with you," said Dick, "we had better let it remain."

"Why so?"

"Because, when the captain gets here, he'll think we've gone to the westward."

"You're right. Well, then, let the plank remain."

The girl turned and walked into the fissure between the rocks, followed by the young men. She walked to a clump of bushes that grew against the rock and parted them. Then she put her hand against the side of the rock and pressed inwards. Nature had there placed a slab of granite, which was so nicely balanced that they could easily turn it as on a pivot. The slab being moved, disclosed a narrow hole in the side of the cliff.

"Thunder!" said Dick.

The girl smiled and said:

"Step inside."

She entered last and closed the aperture. They were now in Egyptian darkness.

"Take my hand," said the girl to Joe. "Let your companion take hold of yours. I'll guide you along the passage until we reach the light."

They groped their way along for two or three hundred yards, as near as they could judge, when the girl stopped and said:

"We're at the other outlet."

"What kind of door?"

"A slab, like the other."

"Let me help you open it."

"I can manage it."

Hardly had she spoken when the slab moved aside, and they stepped out into the open air.

"I have brought you through the rock," she said, looking at Joe with a beautiful smile.

"You've saved our lives. We can never thank you sufficiently."

"Thanks are unnecessary. I am now going to leave you."

"Leave us?"

"Yes. I can't be with you always."

"I wish you could," said Joe.

The girl smiled again, and said:

"Well, I can't."

And she continued:

"You received a warning last night, didn't you?"

"Yes; from a strange, mysterious man."

"You must heed that warning."

"We can't!"

"Why not?"

"Because we have no way of getting off this island."

"That's true; but if you get the chance you must go."

"I will, on one condition," said Joe.

"What is the condition?"

"That you go with us."

"Would you really take me?"

"Would a fish swim?"

The girl laughed again, and said:

"Well, I'll think about it. Good-by."

"Can't we go with you?"

"Not now."

"Shall we see you again?"

"Perhaps. I trust to your honor not to follow me."

The girl turned and vanished in the forest, which at that point grew close to the rocks.

"By gracious! she's as beautiful as an angel," exclaimed Joe.

"Joe, you're hit!"

"Hurray! Jimmy! look there!"

"What is it?"

A strange figure was leaping toward them. It was the terrible personage who had given them the warning. His aspect was fierce and terrible. Before they could retreat he confronted them and said, in an awful voice:

"Rude intruders on my domains, you have disobeyed my commands. I am going to kill you. Prepare to die."

CHAPTER XIII.—They Meet the Mystery.

Joe and Dick were in a terrible predicament. The terrible being, who looked half-man and half-giant, barred their passage. Dick menaced him with his rifle. This action seemed to fill the savage being before them with glee.

"Heh, heh!" he shouted. "You're going to shoot me, are you? I'm bullet-proof!"

Dick hated to fire, because, if he missed, the man would, in all probability, tear them in pieces, for they, both together, were certainly no match for him in strength.

"Don't you come any closer, old joker," said Dick. "If you come any closer, I'll plug you once, anyhow, if I die for it."

"Bosh!"

"All right; cut in."

The being laughed, and said:

"You cannot harm me. Now, why are you invading my domains?"

"Is this island yours?"

"It is."

"Well, we had to come here."

"Why don't you go away?"

"How are we going to get away?"

"In your sleep."

"The captain would hang us if he laid hands on us."

"Is that so?"

"It is."

The man laughed and said:

"Well, that's better than the fate you'll meet with me."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, and I'm going to do it now."

"Do what?"

"I'll put you up and burn you."

As he said this, in a terrible voice, the man turned for Dick, who fired his rifle. The bullet seemed to have no effect on the man, who came forward, not with strength that was almost superhuman, as Dick, raised him high above his head, and carried him to the ground. He then stepped over him, and clutching him by the throat, said:

"I'll not wait to burn you; I'll choke you to death right now."

Joe uttered a cry of terror. He knew that if he did not interfere Dick would soon be dead. But what could he do against this giant of a

man? His strength would be like that of an infant.

"Let him up, you fend!" he shouted.

"Ha, ha!" shrieked the madman.

Joe looked around and saw a rock the size of his fist lying upon the ground. He picked it up and, aiming at the head of the giant, slung it with all his strength. His aim, directed by Providence, was true. The rock struck the giant on the temple. The wild being reeled and fell. Going to him, Joe rolled him off of the back of Dick.

"Dick! Dick!" he cried.

Dick opened his eyes, and said, in a bewildered way:

"What! Am I still alive?"

"Of course you are."

"I considered myself gone when that giant got hold of me."

"You're worth a thousand dead men."

"Heavens, how he pinched my wind!"

"I should say so."

"What's become of him?"

"There he is."

Dick looked in the direction in which Joe pointed and saw the giant.

"Is he dead?" he asked.

"Don't know."

"How did you do it?"

Joe explained.

"A lucky throw," said Dick. "Well, Joe, you saved my life this time."

"Well, old man, that is all right. You've saved mine more than once."

"Well, then, the account's even."

"Let's see if the old chap's dead."

They turned to the man. Joe, shaking him, said:

"Come, old chap, wake up."

The giant was motionless. Dick went to a pool of water that was formed by the rain in a hollow place in the rocks, and, dipping his hat in it, brought back some water. With this, and chafing, they worked with the giant. He at last opened his eyes. They no longer blazed with the fires of insanity.

"Where am I?" he said.

"On the ground."

"But where? In what part of the world?"

Joe explained.

"How came I here?" asked the giant.

"Goodness knows," said Dick.

The man replied, in a feeble voice:

"I know nothing since I lived in New York."

"How long was that ago?"

"I don't know."

"You must have been lost and very much alone, I guess."

"I suppose so."

"What caused it?"

"The direst treachery."

"The deuce you say!"

"I had a wife," said the man, faintly. "The worst treachery took her from me. And left me, to go with another man. That is the last I remember."

"He must have gone crazy," said Dick, in a low voice to Joe.

The giant raised himself on his arm by a last effort, and they heard him say:

"I am—dying!"

He fell over, and was dead.

"Goodness!" said Joe. "This is awful. I killed him."

"You couldn't help it."

"I don't like to have his death on my soul; he was crazy."

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with. You killed him to save your life and mine."

"It's awful!"

"So it is; but it's one of those things that can't be helped."

"I suppose not."

"Well, let's be getting out of here."

"Where shall we go?"

"Where the spirit leads us. If we stop here much longer the captain will have his gang upon us."

"Which way did the girl go?"

"Right ahead."

"To the eastward?"

"Yes."

"Well, come ahead."

They arose, and were about starting, when a loud shout was heard from the cliff:

"Halloo!"

Looking up, they saw the captain and sailors.

CHAPTER XIV.—They Find Gold and Jewels.

The captain, pointing his rifle, continued:

"You mutineers!"

"Not much," said Dick.

"Where are you going?"

"To get out of your way."

"If you stir a step I'll shoot you."

"Crack away!"

Bang! The captain's bullet whistled harmlessly by. Dick raised his rifle to return the fire, when Joe caught his arm, saying:

"Hold on."

"What's the matter?"

"Don't shoot the captain."

"Why not?"

"Because we'd get ourselves into a deuce of a muss."

"How so?"

"It'd tell against us."

"If we're caught."

"He'll hang us, anyhow."

"Maybe he won't catch us; and then we'll be all right if we get to New York. While if we kill him, we'll not dare return there."

"You're right," said Dick, lowering his gun.

The captain shouted to the sailors:

"Why in thunder don't you shoot?"

"You didn't order us," shouted the men, gruffly.

"Well, I will."

Bang! Bang! Bang! All of the bullets missed the mark, although one or two came uncomfortably close.

"Cut and run!" said Joe.

And away they went into the woods, followed by a parting shot or two from those who had not fired the first round.

"After them!" shouted the captain.

Fortunately for the two young men, the captain and his party were obliged to descend the rocks by a circuitous route. Joe and Dick, there-

fore, got a good start. Away they went through the woods, and had gone not more than half a mile when a voice said:

"Gentlemen!"

The voice came from a thicket on the right. Looking in that direction, they saw the girl who had already been their friend on more than one occasion.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Trying to escape from the captain."

"Have you seen the wild man?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"Back yonder."

"What is he doing?"

"Nothing."

"How is that?"

"He's dead."

"Dead!"

"As a door-nail," said Dick.

He told the story. The girl did not appear to grieve much.

"If that is so," she said, "I'll take you to a place where the captain won't be likely to find you."

"Where is that?"

"If you'll go with me I'll show you."

"We'll go."

A distant shout was heard.

"It's the captain with the sailors," said Joe.

"They're on our track again."

"Yes."

"Git!"

Away they went through the woods, the girl piloting them. They had gone about a mile, when the girls stopped before a mass of rocks, and said:

"That is my house."

"In those rocks?"

"Yes; follow me."

She led the way up the rocks. The young men followed, wondering if she lived in a hole in the rocks, like the foxes. When she had gone some distance up the rocks and entered a chasm, she pointed to a place on the side, and said:

"Here is the door."

"Where?"

"Don't you see it?"

"No."

The girl laughed, and going to the side of the rock, placed her hand against it, and pressed inward. To the surprise of the young men, the rock pressed inward, disclosing a door.

"Thunder!" said Dick.

"Does it surprise you?"

"I should think so."

"Enter."

They went in. She closed the door. The place was large and roomy, and was divided into several apartments, by means of screens. The apartment was lighted by means of a funnel which connected with the top side of the rock. The girl pointed to a long, slender ladder and said:

"If we want to take an observation around the island, we can go up the ladder, put our heads out of the opening, and see the whole island."

"Look here," said Dick, "would you mind telling me your name?"

"It's Emma Copeland."

"Did you come here with the ship?"

"Oh, no; I was shipwrecked here. My father, who was the captain of the ship, landed me to a

and I was the only one of all who reached the shore."

"How did you get loose from the spar?"

"The giant was on the watch, and cut the lash-ropes the instant I was thrown upon the shore."

"And brought you here?"

"Yes."

"How has he treated you, since?"

"Kindly part of the time, and very cruelly the other part."

"What was his name?"

"He told me to call him Gabriel."

Emma continued:

"He was a very rich man."

"Rich?"

"Yes, and he must have brought his fortune with him. It is in gold and jewels."

"Where does he keep it?"

"I'll show you."

Emma went to one side of the room and disclosed a receptacle cut into the rock. She removed the lid and said:

"Look."

They looked inside, and their eyes were dazzled. Hoops of gold and jewels were there.

"Heavens!" said Joe. "It's an immense fortune!"

"Are they yours?"

"Not so. It belongs to you."

"Well, well, divide, and each take a third."

"That is, if we can't find the rightful heir."

"Of course."

"Well," said Joe, "that being the case, I'll go up the ladder and take an observation."

He went up, and had hardly looked around when he uttered a shout.

"What is it?" asked Dick.

"A United States frigate is just casting anchor off the shore."

Dick turned pale, and said:

"Then we're lost."

"Why so?" asked Emma.

"Because, we being deserters, the captain of the frigate will send a crew to help join in the search for us."

"If they catch you, what will they do?"

"Hang us over to our captain."

"And he—"

"Will hang us."

At this instant a faint shout reached their ears. And Joe, descending the ladder, said:

"We're discovered!"

"Who by?"

"The captain, who caught me."

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

The girl turned pale.

"What's that?" she said. "We're gone—we're lost!"

"Not yet," rejoined Joe. "We'll fight for it, if we can!"

"You bet we will."

"But there are so many," said the girl.

"Can they break into this place?"

"I think not."

"They can come down through the hole."

The girl pointed to a rope, and said:

"Pull on that."

Joe did so, and hoisted up a large stone, so nicely cut that it fitted into the opening with the greatest exactness.

"Good," he said. "Now, let 'em get in, the rascals, if they can."

Emma replied, in a mournful voice:

"They can do worse."

"How so?"

"They can starve us out."

Dick rejoined cheerfully:

"How much food have you got?"

"Enough to last us all a day."

"All right," said Joe, with a laugh. "We can stand it here, then, four or five days before they completely starve us out, and I'm very much deceived if they won't get tired of it before that time."

They waited half an hour, and the voice of the captain was heard at the opening above, exclaiming:

"Where the dickens did the fellow go to?"

"Are you sure you saw him, cap?"

"Sure! Of course I am."

"Well, he's vamoosed."

"We'll look further for him."

All might yet have been well, if it had not been for a fatal accident on the part of Dick. His rifle was leaning against the wall. Shifting his position, in order to gain a better position to listen, he knocked the rifle over with his foot. Bang!

"It's all up," said Joe.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Emma. "We're discovered."

"Hallo!" said the captain. "Where did that sound come from?"

"Down below."

Looking closer, they discovered the stone which stopped up the hole. Dick backed away at it, but made very little progress. The captain took it into his head that there must be another entrance into the place, and sent two or three men down to look for it. In less than half an hour a shout from the men told that they had discovered it.

"Can they break in?" asked Joe.

"I think not."

"Well, we're besieged."

The besiegers now took things patiently, finding that they could not break in, and settling down to a regular siege.

Their game evidently was to starve out the inmates.

Perhaps an hour was passed in this way when a voice was heard:

"Ahoy!"

Dick started, saying:

"I ought to know that voice."

"And I," said Joe.

"What are you doing here, men?"

"Starving out a couple of deserters, sir."

To the surprise of the girl, Dick cried out, in a loud voice:

"I say, outside there, isn't your name Bastine, and ain't you senior midshipman on board the Tangent?"

"Ay, ay!"

"We're Dick and Joe Rulon."

"The deuce you are."

Dick said to the girl:

"We know this man very well. He used to visit at my father's house in New York, and is

one of the best fellows living. He'll see fair play."

He continued, raising his voice:

"Bastine, I'm going to come out, if you won't let those sailors get me."

"All right."

Dick threw open the door, and, stepping up to the young midshipman, said:

"I never was so glad to see anybody in my life."

They shook hands heartily.

Dick told the story, by which time the captain made his appearance, and said:

"Oh, you young rascals! I've got you, have I?"

"Not much," said the midshipman.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that you're an infernal tyrant, and you can't have these young men. I'm going to take them on board the frigate, and take them to the United States."

"You've no right to take my men."

"I've a right to impress an' man."

"You're not going to impress my men, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

There was no more to be said; the captain bit his lips, and was silent.

The midshipman said, sternly:

"You're a scoundrel, sir; I shall report your conduct, and you may think yourself lucky if you get off with a whole skin."

He continued:

"Come along, my friends."

"Wait a bit," said Joe. "We've got some luggage we want taken on board."

He took the midshipman in and showed him the treasure.

It was carried to the frigate, which made sail and moved majestically out of the harbor, with the young men and Emma on board.

The captain of the frigate received them kindly, and fully sustained the midshipman's conduct in the affair.

When they reached New York inquiry was made, and it was found that the giant's name was Samuel Harding.

His wife had eloped with a rascal, and it had driven him crazy.

He turned his immense fortune into cash and jewels, and disappeared.

He had no living relatives, even his wife, being dead of a fever, having died of a broken heart.

Joe, Dick, and Emma divided the fortune into three equal parts, and made them all rich.

Joe married Emma, and Dick, in course of time,

was equally fortunate with fully as beautiful a girl.

And they all, to this day, often get together and relate to their children what befell them on Ramsey's Island.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOWERY PRINCE: or, A BOOTBLACK'S ROAD TO FAME."

GIRL SEEKS SUNKEN TREASURE

Another attempt to retrieve some of the treasure believed to lie sixty feet below the surface of Tobermory Bay, just off the shores of the Isle of Mull, Scotland, in the three centuries old wreck of a Spanish Armada galleon is soon to be made by a young woman, Miss Margaret Naylor.

From the hulk of the old wooden fighter, the *Almirante de Florencia*, sunk fifty years before the *Mayflower* sailed to the New World, have already been salvaged guns, pieces of eight and other relics valued at many thousands of dollars.

Miss Naylor, a Scotch girl; has had much experience in diving operations among the wrecks strewn the waters between the Blaskets, off Kerry, and the rockbound shores of Orkney and Shetland, but this time she hopes to establish what truth lies in the tradition that this particular ship went down with her strong room holding the gem-studded crown which Philip, King of Spain, in 1588 thought he would have placed on his head as King of England.

Miss Naylor, who was a member of the late Lord Northcliffe's propaganda organization in London during the war, could not reconcile herself to the humdrum of business life after the armistice and elected to become a deep sea diver. She has secured a lease from the Duke of Argyle to complete the job that so many have undertaken with varying success during the last half century, and as she has many times demonstrated her ability to go to depths and do work there which would try the nerve of many experienced members of the opposite sex, Miss Naylor is going about preparations for her self-imposed task with great hopes.

There is no doubt that the remains of a vessel less than one hundred yards from the Mull shore can be entered by an experienced diver, but it is extremely unlikely that there are still many treasures still lying within the galleon's hold, which, through the intervening centuries, have become hard as stone, and heavy as iron.

CURRENT NEWS

CATCHING TROUT IN HATS

The Fraser River, British Columbia, is alive with oolichans or candle fish, and the Dolly Varden trout are coming to the surface in such quantities that the fishermen can catch them in their hats from the sides of their boats.

These trout feed on the oolichans, and when they are full come to the surface and float there for a while, going with the current instead of against it as is their custom.

Oolichans are so full of oil that the trout become very fat after the small fish arrive in the river.

IMMENSE HAIL FALLS

A phenomenon occurred when chunks of ice, ranging from one pound to one-and-one-half pounds, fell for a period of twenty-five minutes, without the slightest sign of rain and the sun shining most of the time. The large hail stones fell from a large cloud that passed over the city, and it had traversed some distance before the hail began to fall, showing that they had come a great distance. One of the stones weighed two

pounds. Some of the large hail stones were measured and they ranged from 15 to 18 inches in circumference.

After the large hail ceased falling a heavy rain and hail storm followed, the like of which old timers said they had never seen before. Many Mexicans believed the world was coming to an end, and scores of them were found in their homes crying and praying.

ST. JOHN DRY DOCK TO HAVE WORLD'S LARGEST CAISSONS

The North of Ireland Shipbuilding Company has just completed at Londonderry, Ireland, one of the two largest caissons in the world. This they have built for the St. John Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company, whose masonry dry dock, 1,150 feet long, 140 feet wide at the entrance, and with a depth of water over the sill of 42 feet, was recently opened and in full operation. The new caisson has six completed docks. When the other caisson is completed two ships 600 feet long can be accommodated.

BOYS, READ THIS

DO YOU KNOW THERE'S A DANDY DETECTIVE-STORY PUBLICATION ON THE NEWSSTANDS EVERY TWO WEEKS, ENTITLED

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE?"

It contains 64 pages of good solid reading matter -- the kind of stories that grip you like a vise and hold your eyes on the type from the beginning to the end of each yarn. No. 158 is out! Why don't you get a copy and read

"THE MYSTERY AT ROARING WATERS"

By HARRY ADLER

It's a corker! Then a new two-part serial by JOE BURKE begins, called

"BEATING THE BURGLAR ALARM"

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Buy a Copy and Read It — You Will Be Pleased!

Breaking The Record

— OR —

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

The End Of The Journey And Of The Story.

There was now no doubt that they would reach New York on time, unless an accident happened, and they had no fear of this, as the road was well watched, and anything out of the way would have been reported and remedied without the loss of a moment.

Mark had his watch timed to the second, and looked at it anxiously every half hour after they left Albany, as if afraid that something might happen at the last moment to delay him and prevent his making the record he wished to make.

They ran on through Piskill, Peekskill, Ossining and Yonkers, and at last with a shriek and a snort entered the Grand Central terminal, and came to a pause just as the clocks were striking one on Thursday morning, May 21, just thirty-three days since leaving the city.

There was a tremendous crowd in the station, the news of the train's expected coming having been noised abroad.

The crowd outside was beginning to cheer lustily, and showing its impatience at the non-appearance of the globe-trotter when Horace Ildone stepped out upon the platform, raised his hat, and said in a loud voice:

"My dear friends, I am very much pleased at this demonstration of your joy, but I have yet to finish the last stage of my journey and get to my hotel, so please do not delay me."

The crowd followed him, and when there was no one around, Mark said to Miss Renton and Miss Tryphena:

"The coast is clear and we can make a break. Will you go with us, Dick? We will have a little supper at the hotel to celebrate our return and the breaking of the record. You will be necessary to establish the fact that I have made the trip in the specified time. Your foreign baggage labels will prove it."

"To be bought anywhere," laughed Miss Tryphena. "The marks on your passports are much more convincing."

"I might as well," said Dick.

They left the station, but before Mark could call a taxi two men stepped hurriedly up, one of them, from the light of the electric lamp, being Billy Renton, Trix's brother.

"Arrest that fellow," he said, pointing to Mark.

"He is an escaped murderer; he killed Foxy Wilmot last——"

Mark did not let the young fellow finish, but struck him a sudden blow in the face which staggered him.

He had not expected such a charge to be brought, thinking only that Renton would accuse Dick of marrying his sister, and for a moment it took him completely by surprise.

He quickly recovered, however, and the blow was the result of it.

"Read the papers, Billy Renton," snapped Mark. "You know very well that I did not kill Foxy Wilmot. You might as well say that I killed Potiphar Philpot, your dupe."

"Want to bring a charge of assault?" asked the man with Renton. "I was a witness."

Billy Renton looked very shamefacedly at the party, and then snapped:

"No, I don't want to bring any charges, but some one will find herself without a fortune for having married before she was of age."

"If you mean your sister, you are very much mistaken, Billy Renton," sputtered Dick. "For she is not married. We learned of your nice little plot to get her off upon Philpot, and now you think that as he is not here, you may charge almost any one with being her husband."

"Oh, I can prove the marriage, all right," said the other. "That's all right, but if you expected to get any money with her, you are mistaken, for she don't get any. Her marriage before coming of age deprives her of any part of her fortune."

"And you were trying to put her off on a fool, so that you would benefit by it. We know all about your plans, and I want to tell you that you are the most contemptible scoundrel I ever saw, and if you don't get out of here in a hurry, I will repeat the dose that Mark Topping gave you, with interest."

"I can prove that you married Trix," muttered Renton, getting away from too close proximity to Dick's fists, "and you'll find that you won't get the money that you was trying to get. You're a poor skate and nothing but a fortune hunter, and——"

Renton did not finish, for Dick saw at him such a rage that he realized that the only safe course was in taking flight.

Dick did not pursue him, being satisfied at having routed him and shown him that his contemptible plans were known to all.

Then he and Mark and the ladies entered the taxi and were whizzed away in a moment, the crowd fooled by Ildone being about to return.

Dick spent a pleasant hour with his friends, and then returned to his former quarters, where he had been greatly missed for a month past.

"I'll have to pay for them, so I may as well go back," he said to himself, and taking himself in with his key he found everything just as he had left it.

The next day he went to the office and reported, expecting that he would get a calling down for having allowed himself to go on a wild goose chase around the world.

(To be continued.)

Bird cages and tin pans in exchange for medical treatment in the early days in Kansas seems to have been one method used by physicians in collecting their bills. In some old records in the Probate Court vaults an account was found filed by a former prominent doctor of McPherson, Kan., long deceased. The account was for medical treatment from Dec. 26, 1827, to Jan. 1, 1828, for which a charge of \$4 had been made. The following notation was made on the bills: "Credit by 1 bird cage, .90; credit by 1 tin pan, .25; credit by another tin pan, .15; credit by 1 book, .05. Total \$1.35. Balance due, \$2.65."

Aviators will do well to fly high and higher the better in the next war, if any comes, if they want to escape Uncle Sam's newest arm, a 50-calibre machine gun firing 300 shots a minute, with a horizontal range of 27,000 feet and a perpendicular range of from 9,000 to 12,000 feet.

At the 62d Coast Artillery anti-aircraft demonstration at Fort Totten, N. J., it was shown the car is going to be untenable for bombing planes up to 10,000 feet, and dangerous up to 20,000 feet.

Five planes flew over from Mitchell Field at an altitude of more than 10,000 feet, yet, according to those in charge of the demonstration, they were marks for the newest gun.

Another gun demonstration at Fort Totten recently was a 3-inch weapon on a mobile mount, firing fifteen shots a minute, effective up to 21,000 feet, and with a 360-degree traverse, allowing the gunner to follow his target in any direction.

Photographs at the rate of 300,000 a minute—
—are being made at
—picture camera—are being made at
—under British Government au-
The camera used in these lightning
weighs two tons and is being used by
—to examine the behavior of
plate.

a clearly, also, what happens to a struck by a club-head. The ball is on one side during the 1-1200th part that the driver is in contact with its

As the ball is a rubber ball, it bounces up and then goes off by a conical path, projecting, according to the angle, a greater or less conical space, before reaching the center of the sphere. When the projectile hits the ball, the ball is projected in the plane of a self-motion. Further, there is the effect of the angle in the direction of the ball and the direction of the ball. The ball is projected in the opposite direction of the ball and the direction of the ball. The ball is projected in the opposite direction of the ball and the direction of the ball.

Abe Roe and three other Weir men, who recently became enthusiastic members of an organization for the protection of wild life, plan to use reverse dynamite the next time they arrange for wholesale slaughter of the despised crow. Cherokee County pays a bounty of 3 cents for every crow head. Near Weir there is a grove which is used as a rookery for crows. It is said that millions of crows obtain their lodging there nightly.

Inspired by the idea of their organization, Roe, a grocer in private life, and his three associates, decided to kill the entire flock of crows in one great massacre. All day last Sunday they worked "mining" the grove with sticks of dynamite. The sticks were tied on to tree limbs to the number of eighty-seven. Electric wires were run in a wonderful maze and a battery was put in position. After darkness had arrived the four returned to the edge of the grove to touch off the dynamite. The crows were making much noise. The switch was thrown. There was a tremendous explosion.

Bright and early the next morning Roe and his associates trucked out to the grove prepared to gather up the dead and haul the heads to Columbus.. Under the trees they found two dead crows.

Dynamite explodes downward. The crows in the tree limbs above were as safe as if they had been in Arkansas.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

THE AUTO TRANSFORMER

An iron core transformer in which the entire winding serves as the primary, while taps taken off a portion of the same winding enable a certain portion to act as the secondary.

THE RADIO IN YUKON

Radio dances have become one of the most popular forms of entertainment in the Yukon during the last winter, says "The Popular Science Monthly".

Residents of Dawson and many small settlements along the Yukon River have tripped the light fantastic to broadcast music played by the best orchestras in the United States.

ROME RADIO STATION

With the installation of a wireless receiving set in the apartment of Pope Pius, and the establishment of a broadcasting station in Rome for Italian amateurs, the Vatican soon will be able to listen-in on programs from practically all centres in Europe.

The set in the Pope's apartment is not yet in full operation, but when it is his Holiness will be able to obtain recreation by listening to concerts and political speeches.

The broadcasting station opened in the Palazzo Alfieri is the first of its kind in Italy. It will broadcast concerts, news happenings and speeches.

RECOGNIZED RADIO SINGER'S VOICE

The voice of his brother missing for five years was heard over the radio recently by William Martin, a farmer of Lakeville, near Rochester. As the result, Martin, who was unable to identify the broadcasting station, has started a search.

Martin, with a group of friends, was listening to a concert when he exclaimed that his brother was singing. He lost the station a few seconds later and effort to pick it up failed.

Martin said his brother, George, ran away from their home in Cattaraugus County five years ago when the father opposed his ambitions to study music.

A MERCURY VARIABLE CONDENSER

There has appeared on the market a variable condenser which makes use of liquid mercury under pressure. The application of greater or less pressure on the mercury to spread more or less over the inner helix and to produce greater or less capacity effect. The mercury is entirely enclosed, eliminating all possibility of dirt and dirt, and, therefore, leakage and noises. It is claimed that this new condenser will stand more than 500 volts, so that it can be used for low-power transmission as well as for receiving. Because of the unique construction, the price is quite moderate.

THE SUPERDYNE RECEIVER

Like most of the recent advances in broadcast receivers, the principal feature of the superdyne is its special radio frequency amplifying circuit. Both the input and output circuits of the first tube are carefully tuned to the incoming wave, which is an arrangement that is bound to give remarkable results. The possibility of oscillations has been eliminated by the ingenious device of a reversed tickler coil. The tickler gives the tube negative regeneration, which discourages its tendency to oscillate instead of aiding it, as the usual tickler does. In tuning in on a station both the grid circuit and the plate circuit are tuned by variable condensers. If the set clicks and breaks into oscillation, it can be immediately stopped by a turn of the tickler or stabilizer dial. It may be necessary to turn the stabilizer at right angles to the grid circuit coil in order to pick up a station. As soon as the set starts to oscillate it should be tuned down immediately. Then, after both grid and plate circuits are tuned to resonance with the incoming signal the coupling between the stabilizer and the grid coil can be reduced until the volume of signal is as great as desired or until the set is just below the point of breaking into oscillation. Complicated as all this may sound, the set can be operated with but little practice. It will not only tune sharply, but it will bring in distant stations with ample volume.

"ATTIC FACTORIES"

One phase of radio as to which there has been much speculation is what proportion of the more than 2,000,000 radio sets in use in the United States today are home-made, and what proportion are factory made. Manufacturers of parts sold to home builders contend that about 80 per cent. of the receipt from sales of radio apparatus by dealers have been from radio parts, and 20 per cent. from complete sets. The "complete set" business has taken a spurt lately.

The writer who, out of curiosity, had been looking up the matter of complete sets, as compared with parts, found in addition to the fact that the great majority of sets used today are home made, that a very large proportion of the complete sets are made, not in manufacturing plants, but by what might be called "attic manufacturers."

There are throughout the country many of these so-called "radio engineers" who are producing sets. One man connected with one of the large automotive concerns has made 17 sets of the well known reflex type. He was so successful in making his own first set that he was about ready to give up. It was his hobby, and he wished on himself the job of making sets for his friends. If his friends had to pay for this man's labor it would have been nearly as expensive as to buy a set in the first place, but even then they would not have had the service which he offered which could not be had elsewhere. He is so interested in his friends' sets that he

his own, that he looks after any little difficulties which arise and keeps them in shape. As a matter of fact this man installed and set up the sets for nothing except the fun of the game.

A man connected with the advertising staff of a nationally known magazine made a set for himself and it worked. He made another for his father and it worked. Now he is making a couple more for people who have heard these. A man in Astoria, L. I., is making his seventh set. There are actually thousands of such cases.

Then there is another type of "attic manufacturer." For instance, in Union Hill, N. J., a man who ran a garage found he could earn more money making up radio sets and selling them than he could with his garage. So he hired a manager to run the garage business and proceeded to make four or five sets a week for his friends.

It is no small part which "attic manufacturers" are playing in the development of the radio industry.

ABOUT NEUTRODYNES

When building a neutrodyne set the angle at which the neutroformers are set is 54.7 degrees. To neutralize it tune in at as loud a signal as possible. Howls will undoubtedly accompany it, but they will be eliminated as the set is balanced. Then take the second radio frequency amplifier tube out of the socket and place a piece of paper over one of the filament tips on the base. If the set is equipped with a rheostat for each tube, then all that is necessary is to turn out the filament of the first tube. If the other method is used, replace the second radio frequency amplifier tube in the socket. Only the plate, grid and one filament tip will make contact in the socket, because the other filament tip is covered with paper. Then adjust the second neutrodon until the signal disappears or reaches minimum intensity. Fix the neutrodon permanently in the position. Then remove the paper from the filament tip and light the filament, placing the tube in operation. The first radio frequency tube is then removed from the socket and paper is placed over the filament tip and the tube replaced in the socket. Then adjust the first neutrodon until the signal is at maximum intensity. The first tube can then be put in operation and the set should function properly. If the set is correctly balanced no squeals or howls will be heard throughout the tuning range of the set.

TRANSFORMER CONNECTIONS

There is a right and a wrong way of doing anything and this truth is perhaps more evident in radio than in any other art. A wrong diagram may be followed minutely, yet the set of one who has followed the diagram will work like a charm while that of another fan will work poorly if at all. The two sets may be connected in just about the same way, but the results obtained from one are entirely different from those obtained with the other. The reason for this paradox lies in certain little connections which, while they look the same, are really quite different.

Take the windings of an audio frequency transformer. In most cases the terminals of trans-

formers are marked P, G, B, and F, but in other cases only two letters appear for the four terminals. In such cases a letter P is placed between two terminals and the letter S is placed between the other two terminals.

The P refers to the terminals of the primary coil, while the letter S refers to the terminals of the secondary coils. In some other transformers besides the letter P and SE two terminals are marked 1, while the others two terminals are marked 2.

Now there is a right and wrong way to connect these terminals into their respective circuits, and if they are not connected properly poor reception often accompanied by distortion will be the result.

If your transformers are marked P, B, G, and F, you cannot go wrong on making the connections. The P should be connected with the plate side and the B with the B battery side of the plate circuit of the preceding tube, while the G should be connected with the grid side and the F with the filament or C battery side of the grid circuit of the succeeding tube.

If, however, your transformer is marked P and S, you will have to see what is what before making your connections.

There are two leads from each coil of the transformer. One lead is from the beginning of the winding, this end being nearest the core. The other lead is from the end of the winding and is the end of the winding farthest from the core.

The primary winding and leads are marked P, while the secondary winding and leads are marked S. The beginning of the primary winding is marked 1 and B, while the end of the winding is marked 2 and P.

The beginning of the secondary winding is marked 7 and F, while the end of the secondary winding is marked 2 and G.

Now, regardless of what the terminals are marked, it is always a good idea to look at the coils of the transformer and see where the leads from the terminals originate. In practically all cases you will find that you will get the best results if the beginning of the primary winding (1,B) is connected with the B battery side of the circuit the end of the primary winding (2,P) is connected with the plate side of the circuit; the beginning, (1,F) of the secondary coil is connected with the filament or C battery side of the grid circuit and the end of the winding (2,G) is connected with the grid side of the grid circuit.

You must be especially careful of transformer connections when experimenting with reflex circuits, since in such cases the circuit will not work properly unless the transformers are properly connected. In such cases the principles outlined above do not always hold and the best connections are often found only by trial. The windings can be changed around and reversed until best results are obtained.

Care in such details and experimenting along these lines will often reveal the reasons why a receiver that should work like a charm does not and also explain why little changes which seem very important will often make the difference between good and poor results.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CITY HIRES A RAT CATCHER

Rats are so numerous in Natchez, Miss., that the Woman's Advisory Board of the City Council has arranged to bring a professional rat catcher to rid it of the pests. All civic bodies and the merchants of the city will be asked to join in the campaign under his direction, and it will be carried out on an extensive scale. Thousands of dollars of property damage has been done by the rats.

MERCURY INHABITED? MAY BE, SAYS EXPERT

The planet Mercury may be inhabited, according to Professor Biggaren, astronomer, who saw its passage between the sun and the earth.

"The heat and light on Mercury are seven times more intense than on the earth," he said, "but the atmosphere surrounding the planet is so compact that their effects may be less violent. Furthermore, Mercury, like the moon, always shows us the same side, and the existence of life upon it is highly possible."

THE WORLD'S GOLD

Years ago when we first began discussing the financial problems we followed the tables of one Adolph Sotbeer, a Viennese statistician, who said there was \$6,000,000,000 in gold in the world; that all the gold that ever had been in the world is conserved and still in use; that \$4,000,000,000 is in coin and in circulation, and \$2,000,000,000 in ornaments.

The report of the United States Treasury for April 25 says that there was on that date in the Treasury \$5,706,038,318.55. This would imply, if there had been no increase, that we have pretty nearly all the gold in the world. Of course, there has been an increase since Sotbeer's estimates. The United States, South Africa, Australia, and other countries have been continuously pouring into the circulation of the world uncounted millions of dollars. All the same we have nearly all the circulating gold in the world.

FLYING BOAT GOES 15,000 MILES WITHOUT OVERHAUL

The United States Navy flying boat PN-7 returned to Philadelphia May 7, after a 15,000-mile cruise with the fleet and over the old Spanish Main. Her two 650-horse-power Wright engines carried her over the entire cruise without repairs and without overhaul, which naval officers state is an unusual aeronautical record. She was piloted by Lieutenant A. P. Snody.

The PN-7 left Philadelphia early in January and joined the fleet in the maneuvers off Culebra. During that period she was the flying flagship of Vice Admiral Newton A. McCully and Rear Admiral Montgomery M. Taylor. After this duty with the fleet she went on a mapping expedition over the Windward and Leeward Islands. Lieutenant Snody also took the Governor General of the British West Indies on an inspection over the Dominion, covering what otherwise would have been a ten-day journey by boat in between three and four hours.

LAUGHS

"Oh, John, dear, don't you hear?" said Mrs. Kidby. "How delightfully the baby crows!" "Crows? Humph!" said Kidby, "I'd crow myself if I were boss of the house."

At supper time. Husband (irritably)—Can't you remember where I said I left my glasses at breakfast this morning? Wife—I'm sorry, dear, I really can't. Husband (peevishly)—That just shows the forgetfulness of you women.

Pastor—It would surprise you to know how much counterfeit money we receive in the contribution boxes in the course of a year. Thoughtless Friend—I suppose so. How do you manage to work it all off?

Edward—Isn't Dick going off in his writing? Forrest—I hadn't noticed it. Edward—It seems to me he has lost that exquisite delicacy of touch he used to have. Forest (ruefully)—by Jove! You wouldn't think so if you had seen him work me for ten this morning.

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. X—This woman wants washing." Very shortly the answer came back: "Dear Sir—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job."

Mr. Tightfist—And so you are the noble fellow who rescued my wife from in front of the electric car at the risk of your life? Take this shilling, my heroic man, as an expression of my dying regard. Mr. Raggs—All right, boss. You know better'n I do what the woman's worth!

A teacher in an elementary school had given lessons to an infants' class on the Ten Commandments. In order to test their memories she asked: "Can any little child give me a Commandment containing only four words?" A child was raised immediately. "Well?" said the teacher. "Keep off the grass," was the unexpected reply.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

GERMAN HEADMAN A SUICIDE.

Executioner Schwiess, who had cut off the heads of 123 criminals, killed himself with a revolver, making the second public executioner to commit suicide in Breslau within three months. Schwiess was 74 years old and had retired on a small pension, having executed his last victim in 1923.

His pension was too small to support him and a few days ago he told friends that he would probably exhibit the tax with which he had ended 123 lives and deliver a lecture on his experiences to augment his income. He was apparently in good health and up to the last boasted that his method of killing prisoners was really an adequate punishment for the crimes they had committed.

Executioner Spathe, who shot himself three months ago, was remorseful and died surrounded by forty-eight candles he had lighted for prisoners he had beheaded.

JUNKMEN CAN'T BUY RAGS

The wave of economy which is spreading over the country is hard on the junkmen, Isadore Smith, head of a wholesale junk company, at Hutchinson, Kan., complained. "We used to ship out a car of rags once a week," he said. "Now we can't even get them at all. People aren't selling any more. They're holding on to them and saving things of them."

On the other hand this same wave of economy is sending a flood of old iron to the junk yards. The junk buyers say farmers are scouring their yards and barns, gathering up all the old metal and selling it for junk, to realize every possible dollar. "The farmers need the money. Stuff that has accumulated for years on the farms is coming to the junkpile," said the junk man.

During the past month one concern in Hutchinson has shipped out twenty-six cars of old iron.

MENACE OF INSECT HORDES

Farmers in Derbyshire England, are troubled about the rapid decrease in the number of plover birds at this season nest upon the moors. Today there are but dozens where a few years ago there were hundreds. They have good grounds for their fears.

Wilde man finally imagines himself lord of the world in which he lives, he is actually nothing of the kind. The true masters of this planet are the insects, and while man can easily hold his own against the beasts he is helpless against the insects. He knows that in without the help of the insects he has no future notion of the might of the insect world, which far exceeds in number of individuals and in power of multiplication all other living things. More than 100,000 species of insects have been classified and there are tens of thousands still to be described.

There is no left to work their will and make life miserable it will be nearly a matter of time before the entire three years before all crops and all other things would be destroyed. The earth would be a desert.

Farmers and gardeners are constantly at war

with birds because some species eat considerable quantities of grain and fruit. It is, however, essential to remember the fact that the food of birds consists mainly of insects and that the bird is the one force which swings the balance of nature against the insect hordes.

UNAFRAID PIONEER WOMEN

One of the pioneer women of what is now Finney County, Kan., was Mrs. McVey, whose husband had a stock ranch on Pawnee Creek. Soldiers who were moving some Indians from Dakota or Nebraska to Oklahoma camped on the creek not far from the McVey ranch. Mrs. McVey had a spring milk-house and made a great deal of butter. She was careful to keep her spring-house neat and clean. She had not heard of the Indians being camped near them.

About a dozen of those Indians showed up at her door and by making signs got her to understand that they wanted a drink. She little dreamed that they were Indians, but thought they were a bunch of Mexicans who could not speak English, so got them a cup and pointed to the spring-house. One can easily guess what a dozen wild Indians would do to a woman's milk and butter in a spring-house. She soon surmised that everything was not going on all right and went down to the spring-house. She grabbed a club and made those Indians vamoose in a hurry.

While she was yet cleaning up the place a soldier rode up and asked her if she had seen any Indians. This gave her a fright, because she had heard how the Indians would massacre and scalp. Imagine her astonishment when she heard that the men whom she had scattered with a club were themselves wild Indians.

CHINESE FIRST TO USE NEEDLE MADE OF STEEL

The American spooled thread industry is founded on experiments made by the wife of Samuel Slater, who in 1793 introduced Arkwright's spinning or cotton gin at Pawtucket, R. I. Mrs. Slater twisted cotton yarns in an ordinary spinning wheel and made a two-ply thread. This industry still has to go back to Egypt, the mother country of linen, for the sewing cotton used in every American home.

It is made almost exclusively of imported long staple Egyptian cotton. The larger and heavier sizes, for crocheting and industrial purposes, are made of domestic cotton. The first material used by women for binding was made from the long roots of plants or leather thongs, says the *Detroit News*.

Woman's earliest needle was like an awl and was not pierced at the head. The earliest needles were made of bone, stone or bronze. In the Stone Age needles began to have eyes, this kind being found in the reindeer caves of France. China was the first to use needles of steel. This instrument, traveling westward, reached Europe through the Moslems. At Nuremberg, Germany, in 1470, the needle industry was founded, and spread later to England under Queen Elizabeth.

PLUCK AND LUCK

ITEMS OF INTEREST

WOODPECKERS HOLD UP TRAIN

Mayor Henry Weibrecht of Strong City, who is an engineer for the Santa Fe on a passenger train on the Superior branch, says his train was held up recently between Superior and Strong City as the result of a pair of home loving woodpeckers. The woodpeckers had built their nest in a telegraph pole along the Santa Fe's right of way and a spark from a passing train entered the hole in the pole and set fire to the birds' nest. The pole was burned and fell across the tracks, carrying the wires with it. The passenger train was flagged by a signal man and held up while trainmen removed the wires and fallen pole from the tracks.

PREHISTORIC ANIMAL FOUND IN PERFECT PRESERVATION

A few years ago a party of Russian explorers dug into an ice bank on the Beresovka River, in Siberia, and there unearthed the remains of an extinct animal in a remarkable state of preservation, says the *Detroit News*. The skin was so perfect that it was easily removed. Some of the hair measured 30 inches. The stubby tail was intact. Analysis of the stomach contents showed grass and flowers of the same types that grow in Northeastern Siberia to-day. Scientists say the beast died in August because they found in its stomach several partly masticated flowers that bloom only at that time.

ANCIENT SWINDLING GAME STILL FINDS VICTIMS

Ignoring his plea that he was the deceived, not the receiver, a jury before County Judge Humphrey in Queens, N. Y., found John Kucharik of 1406 Avenue A, Manhattan, guilty of grand larceny. Kucharik was charged by Frank Kamarik of Manhattan with having worked a well-worn but seemingly still reliable swindling game upon him, with the resultant loss of his savings of eleven years, nearly \$1,500.

According to Kamarik's story, Kucharik introduced him to another man, George Smoll, and the three went to Great Neck on the theory that Smoll might buy Kamarik's house there. They met another man, who invited them to act as trustee in the repayment of \$100,000 worth of debts his father had left in the vicinity before he went to the gold fields and became wealthy. They were, of course, to deposit sums wrapped in handkerchiefs in the box containing the \$100,000. Smoll and Kamarik did so.

When Kamarik broke open the box a few days later it contained, of course, only newspapers.

PLANT THAT EATS ANIMALS

Two American botanists tell of an "animal-eating" plant which they discovered in the depths of a great swamp 40 miles from New Orleans. They say that the plant devours animal and

suggests that it is a "missing link" between the plant and animal kingdom. The stems consist of "flesh" around a "bone" covered by wrinkled skin. They say that the muscular force of its ghostly fronds and long creepers is enormous. The scientists report they saw several small animals such as squirrels and rabbits caught by the plant. When the animals were captured the life was squeezed out of them and they were lifted by the fronds to a big opening toward the top of the main stem which serves as the stomach of the plant, says the *Detroit News*.

Carnivorous, or, as they are sometimes called, "insect-eating" plants are by no means rare. They exist by the consumption of insects and small animals and specimens such as the "pitcher plant" "eat" flies. Such plants are found all over the tropics, always in bogs and marshes.

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PERSONAL—Continued

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IN THE CONGO WEALTH IS COUNTED BY WIVES

Fresh from the wilds of Africa, Robert S. Hill, a graduate of the South Dakota School of Mines, has arrived in South Dakota for a visit with relatives. It took him two months to make the journey from the interior of the Congo, where he has been engaged in diamond mining. He first went to Africa in 1915 and has spent all his time there since then, except for two trips back to the United States.

He says there yet are some really big chiefs in the part of the Congo where he is engaged who have from 300 to 400 wives and who are real African kings.

"They used to have the power of life and death over their people," said Mr. Hill, "but that has been taken from them."

"In the villages many of the men have several wives. The men do practically no work except a little hunting and fishing, and their wives support them. The only incentive for a man to accumulate more property is to enable him to buy more wives, and his wealth is reckoned by the number of wives he has."

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DEATH CURSE PUT ON CATTLE

Every now and then a story of something other than mutinies and uprisings comes from that "most distressful country" of Ireland. The latest concerns the man who cross the fairies.

In a recent prosecution before a local peace commissioner quite a lot of fairy lore came up because a certain farm building had been built on a "pass." It seems the little folk always travel in a direct line and resent any construction placed across their path.

Near the village of Maam Cross, some miles east of Clifden, a returned Irish-American not long ago bought a large farm, and as there was neither cowhouse no stable began to erect these things, despite warnings of neighbors. When the buildings were roofed and cattle installed therein the animals refused to eat, pined away and died. Not until three-fourths of his stock was killed (struck by "elf stones," said the peasantry), was he convinced and he removed the building to another place. After that his luck changed and he lost no more cattle.

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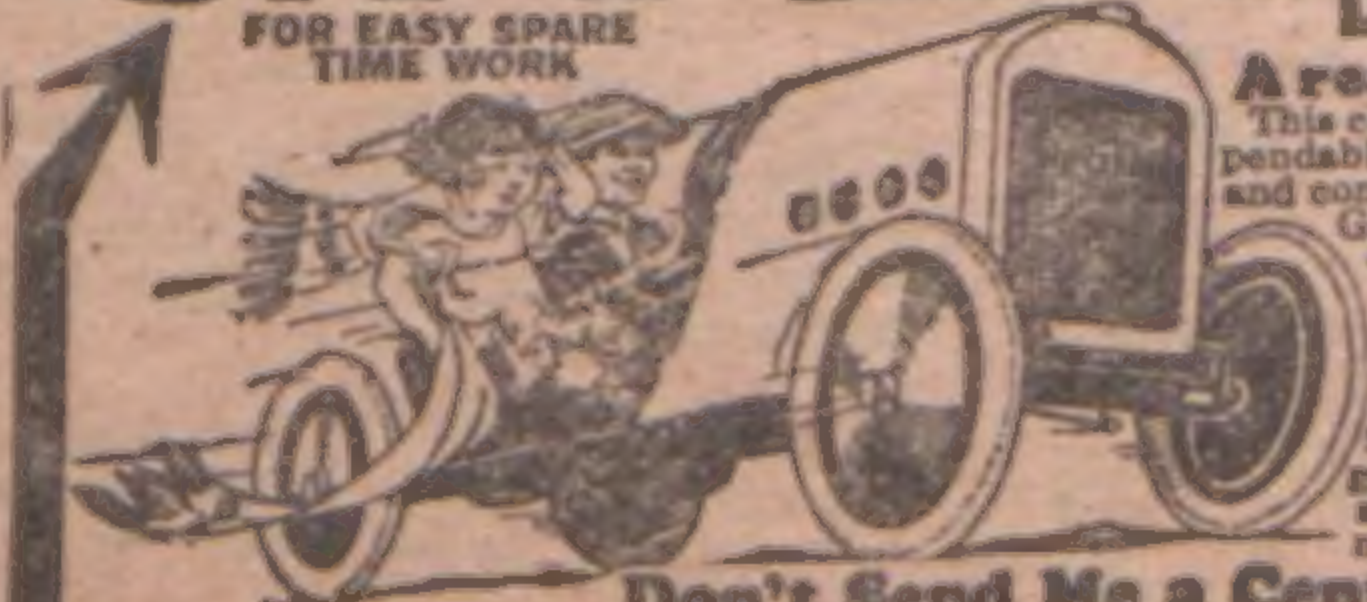
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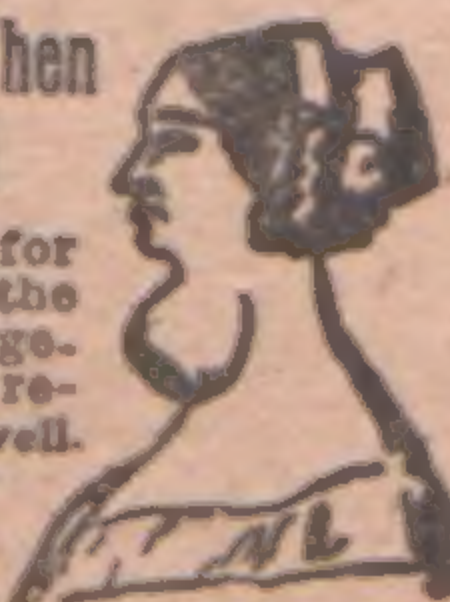
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